

C N HUBBARD

Improvement Era

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JULY, 1922



ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE
SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER
DAY SAINTS



PUBLISHED MONTHLY
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The Faith of Little Mary

The father, a well-digger strong was he,
And as loving and kind as a father could be,
And Mary, his daughter, five years old,
Was very much dearer than millions of gold.
To Mary her father was big, grand and nice,
So each had a treasure beyond any price.

One day to the well little Mary was sent
To take daddy's dinner; how gladly she went!
But when she looked down not a thing could she see,
The well, like a pocket, was dark as could be.
The father saw Mary and heard her voice, too,
But made not a sound, just to see what she'd do.

She dropped on her knees, the dear little soul,
And called down "O daddy, are you down this hole?"
"Why, yes, Mary darling, I'm here at your feet:
Just drop me my lunch, for I'm ready to eat.
Just let it go easy, I'll catch it all right."
She did so, and saw it go down out of sight.

"Why Mary," said he, "There's enough here for two;
Now this is the thing I should like you to do:
You jump down here to me and we'll eat together,
Down here in the cool, away from the weather."
"O daddy, I'm afraid, I can't see you at all;
Be sure now you catch me and not let me fall."

'Twas just for a moment, she wavered in doubt,
Then, closing her dear little eyes, she jumped out
In the darkness—yes, that was the test.
She trusted in faith in her father's request.
And both were so happy, he kissed her and smiled,
Because of the sweet trusting faith of his child.

Ah, sweet little Mary, you've put me to shame.
How often my Father has called me, the same.
But because it was "dark" I have turned back in doubt,
Refusing the call, though His arms were stretched out.
I wanted some "proof," must first "see" with my eyes,
And so I have "doubted", and lost me the prize.

To him that will knock, the door opened shall be.
To him that will ask, it is given to see.
And he that will seek, the Lord says he shall find.
But he that's a doubter, must always stay blind.
Until I have faith, and can bow 'neath His rod,
I'll never inherit the kingdom of God.

Shelley, Idaho

Joseph H. Dean



THE OLD TRAIL

"A tiny object, half concealed near the gnarled root of a pinion pine, caught my eyes." (See story by H. R. Merrill, pp. 781-8.)

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXV

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Traveling Over Forgotten Trails

By President Anthony W. Ivins

On the Trail of the Mormon Battalion

This is not a story of the Mormon Battalion. The mustering in of the five hundred men who made up this detachment of United States soldiers, their remarkable march across a continent, said to be the longest ever made by an army composed exclusively of infantry, the difficulties encountered and overcome, the suffering endured, and heroism displayed are matters of history.

This is a story of the trail over which they marched; the purpose of its telling being to connect that trail with existing landmarks, that the ground hallowed by the feet of these valiant men be not forgotten.

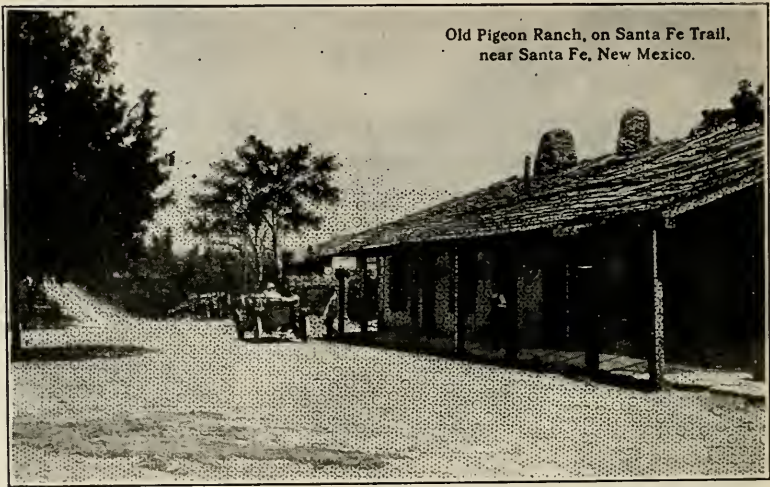
Roads made by men thread the world. We pass over them now on bands of steel, in luxurious motor cars, or through the air. Only yesterday these roads were trails, blazed by intrepid, fearless men, through unknown forests, across trackless deserts, and over snow-clad mountains.

The lure of gold, ambition of conquest, the uncontrollable desire of man to go on to unexplored fields for new discovery, the devotion of a Jesuit Priest, or Friar of the order of San Francisco, to carry the cross to the unbelieving heathen, regardless of the sacrifice involved, each played its part in blazing the trail over which the Mormon Battalion marched.

The romance and tragedy of that trail will never be told. On it men perished from thirst, were massacred by savages, fought and killed one another for the precious fluid contained in its water holes, and murdered for the gold which had been gathered from the hills through which it passed. Young men and maidens plighted their love and faith as they traveled over it, mothers gave birth to children, and holy men gave their lives

for religion's sake. Who can tell the story as time and fate have recorded it?

In 1527 Panfilo de Narvaez sailed away from Spain, his destination being Florida, where he hoped to discover the fountain of perpetual youth, for which the ill-fated Ponce de Leon had searched in vain. He reached his destination but ill fortune pursued him until but four members of his expedition remained. These men, of whom one was a negro, Esteben, in the hope they might reach Mexico, turned their faces westward, and after a long period of infinite toil and suffering, under the

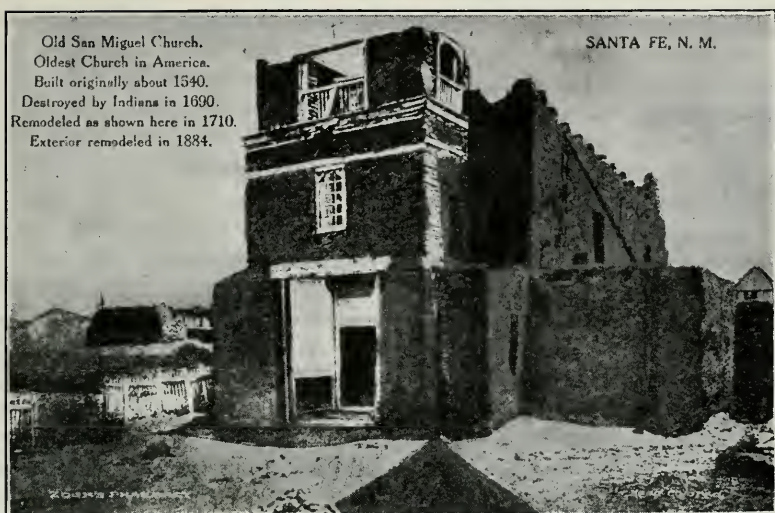


Old Pigeon Ranch, on the Santa Fe Trail. It was at this ranch that the important battle of Glorietta was fought between Federal and Confederate troops, 1862. M. Valle, the Mexican owner of the ranch, hurried to Santa Fe and made the following report of the battle: "Goovermen mans vas at my ranch and fill his cahnteen viz mi visky, and goovernment mans nebare pay me for zat visky. Texas mans coom up an soorpriz zem man zey foight six hour by my vach, an my vach vas slow."

leadership of Cabeza de Vaca, reached the Pacific coast at a point in what is now the state of Sonora, in Mexico.

Sonora, and the territory now known as Arizona, was at that time called Papagueria, the name being derived from the Papago Indians who occupied the country.

As they crossed the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Cabeza de Vaca and his companions came in contact with many different Indian tribes. As usual they made inquiry for gold and were told by Indians that thirty days' travel to the north there lived a numerous people, who occupied



The Old San Miguel Church at Santa Fe, built about 1540. Religious services were held in this church nearly a century before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

houses of stone, and possessed great wealth. They governed seven cities, which were called the seven cities of Cibola.

When the exaggerated report of the wealth possessed by the Indians of the north reached Antonio de Mendoza, the Spanish Viceroy, at Mexico, the latter ordered an expedition sent to Cibola to spy out the land. Marcos de Niza, a Friar of the church, was placed in charge of the expedition, and Esteben, the negro, was sent as guide.

Niza led his party north from Sonora to the San Pedro river, near the present town of Naco, Arizona, and followed down that stream to near its junction with the Gila. Here Esteben left the expedition and hurried on. He reached Cibola, supposed to be the present Zuni, where he was killed by the Indians. Upon hearing of his fate, Father Marcos, on the 9th of May, took possession of the San Pedro and surrounding country in the name of the King of Spain, and returned to Sonora.

This first expedition into what is now Sonora, resulted in the establishment, at a later date, of the Missions of Guavavi, Tumacacori and San Xavier del Bac. In 1540 Coronado headed an expedition having for its purpose the seven cities of Cibola. He effected the subjugation of the Indians of New Mexico as far north as Zuni, but his expectations were not realized, for he found no gold.

The city of Santa Fe was founded in 1605, and the Spaniard

held possession of the territory which constitutes the present state of New Mexico, until 1680, when the Indians, under the leadership of the chief Popi besieged and captured Santa Fe, put all of the Spaniards, including the priests, to death, and held New Mexico for a period of thirteen years, defeating many expeditions sent against them. The final conquest was effected by Diego de Vargas, in 1693.

Thus it will be seen that more than one hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was framed, cities were built by the Spaniards in what is now a part of the United States. The mines of New Mexico and Arizona were developed, and roads were constructed connecting these outposts with the City of Mexico and the port of Vera Cruz, from which point all foreign supplies were obtained.

A main road, known as the Camino Real, The Royal Road, or King's Highway, was constructed from Santa Fe to Vera Cruz, a distance of about two thousand miles. Over these roads trains of mules and donkeys passed carrying their heavy packs the entire distance. Long trains of two-wheeled ox carts creaked and screamed, as they slowly moved onward, to their destination. Where the road was crooked, or through hilly country, the writer has often heard the creaking of these carts on their ungreased axels, long before the train came in sight.

This main road passed down the Rio Grande from Santa Fe

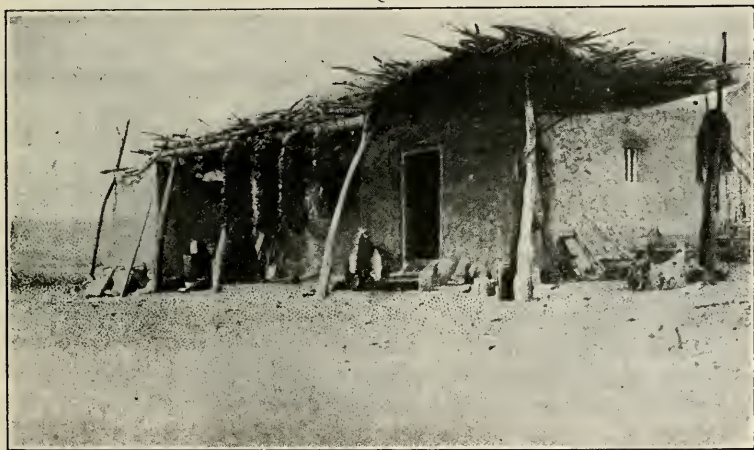


Mexican Ox Team, and Carreta. With these carts, often drawn by Twelve oxen, merchandise was hauled from Mexico City to Santa Fe when the site of New York was still a wilderness.

to Albuquerque, Paso del Norte, Chihuahua, and on to the City of Mexico.

In 1806 Lieut. Zebulon Pike, of the 6th U. S. Infantry, was sent to explore the western boundary of the Louisiana Purchase. At a point in what is now Colorado, near the present town of Alamosa, he was met by Lieut. Salcedo, from the garrison of Santa Fe, who placed him under arrest, and took him to that city. He was sent from there to Chihuahua, where he was detained for a number of months. It was one year from the time he left his home in the United States before he finally was released and permitted to return.

In the report made by Lieut. Pike he says it requires five months to make the trip from Santa Fe to Mexico and return, and urges that trade be established between the United States and northern Mexico. He also devotes considerable space to a



The Battalion passed by many homes like this as they marched down the valley of the Rio Grande.

discussion of the methods employed by the people of the Rio Grande Valley in the application of artificial irrigation, as he observed it.

In 1811, an organized effort was made to open up trade between Missouri River points and Santa Fe, but the promoters were arrested and some of them kept in jail for a period of ten years. In 1821 another effort was made, and the following year a road was opened from Independence, Mo., to Santa Fe, and wagons loaded with merchandise taken to the latter point. Trade grew until in 1843 it amounted to about onemilliondollars. The road over which this trade was carried was known as the

Santa Fe trail. It led through a country infested with the most war-like of our plains Indians as well as white and Mexican outlaws, and many tragedies were enacted along its course. Some of the expeditions which left the Missouri river were entirely lost. Their fate, and the mystery of their disappearance, will never be known.

While the Spaniards were effecting the conquest and colonization of New Mexico their countrymen were pressing north from Sonora into Arizona, and from there overland to California. The route usually traveled was by way of the missions of Guevavi, Tumacacori, San Xavier del Bac and Tucson. From Tucson to the Gila River and on to the Colorado, near the present site of Uma, Arizona. This latter trail was called by many El Camino de los Muertos (the Road of Dead Men). Men perished from thirst on its sandy deserts. Many crosses were laid in the sand with volcanic rocks, or crossed sticks placed in monuments of stone which marked the place where an unfortunate traveler had yielded up his life. Many of these crosses are to be seen along the old trails today.

It was along this route, the Old Santa Fe Trail, and the Camino de los Muertos, that the Mormon Battalion marched the greater part of the distance from Fort Leavenworth to California.

From Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fe, and from that point down the Rio Grande to Mesilla Park, and west to Mombres, and on to Ojo de la Vaca, the command marched over a road where wagons, or carts had gone before them. From Ojo de la Vaca to the San Bernardino Ranch they blazed their own trail, and from that point west followed well defined bridle paths, over which pack trains had passed for many years.

From the point where the Battalion left the Rio Grande, and turned west, through the present states of New Mexico and Arizona, Pauline Weaver, and Leroux were the principal guides who led the way over the desert wastes through which the army marched. Of Leroux little is known, he appears to have been one of those restless men lured by love of adventure and hope of gain into the then unexplored west. Pauline Weaver is said to have been the first white American settler in Arizona. He was a Tennessean, and was in Arizona as early of 1832. Referring to him in his *History of Arizona*, Farrish says:

"There was hardly a foot of the territory of Arizona he was not familiar with. Differing entirely from the majority of trappers of that day, he had no difficulties with the Indians, but was always free to enter their camps. He was never known to engage in any hostile expedition against them, but was frequently a peace messenger, arranging, as far as possible, any difficulties between the whites and Indians, without resort to arms."

He was the discoverer of the La Paz placer mines, near the junction of the Gila with the Colorado River, on the trail over which the Battalion marched. He led the party which discovered the gold placers on Weaver Creek, the Arroyo de la Tinaja, Antelope Peak and other mines which have yielded millions in placer gold.

On the Arroyo de la Tinaja (Tank Gulch) Jose M. Redondo, going to a spot pointed out by Weaver, took from the first pan of gravel which he washed, more than forty dollars worth of gold. Juan Ferrra found a single nugget which weighed nine hundred and forty six dollars. Many other nuggets were found weighing from forty to five hundred and fifty dollars each. Of all the discoveries made by Weaver and associates that at Ante-



This house, said to be the oldest in the United States, was built in Santa Fe, N. M., about 1530, and was occupied by Governor Onate, as early as 1598.

lope Peak, or Rich Hill, was undoubtedly the most important. A single man, with only a jack knife as tool, collected four thousand dollars worth of nuggets in a single day. These mines are still producers of large quantities of gold, and many millions of dollars have been taken from them in the aggregate.

The march of the Battalion from Council Bluffs to Fort Leavenworth, and from that point on to the Arkansas River and Santa Fe was over a well defined wagon road. Reaching the Arkansas the command followed on up the stream to Bents Fort, and from there bore south through the Raton Pass, and Wagon Mound, while the Battalion took the Cimarron route, connecting with Kearny's trail at Wagon Mound, from which

point they marched to Las Vegas, through the Glorrietta Mountains, passed the old Pigeon Ranch and on to Santa Fe.

Leaving Santa Fe the Camino Real, over which the command marched, bore south, down the Rio Grande to the point where the Battalion left the river, and began its real march west to California. Difficult and trying as had been the march up to this point, it was as nothing compared with that which was to come.

The point at which the Battalion left the Rio Grande and turned west is not definitely established. Tyler, however, states that the following four days' march brought the command to the Mimbres and the Santa Rita copper mine road which led to the old Mexican town of Janos, (not Yanos, the latter word, llanos, meaning a level plain) makes the route traveled practically certain. The notes made by the writer, in his journal, shows that he and his party camped at Mimbres on the 30th of December, 1875, and traveled from that point to the Rio Grande, a distance of seventy-six miles, reaching the river at Mesilla Park, thirty miles above El Paso, Texas. This was the only road, at that time, leading from Mimbres to the Rio Grande, and was without doubt the one traveled by the Battalion.

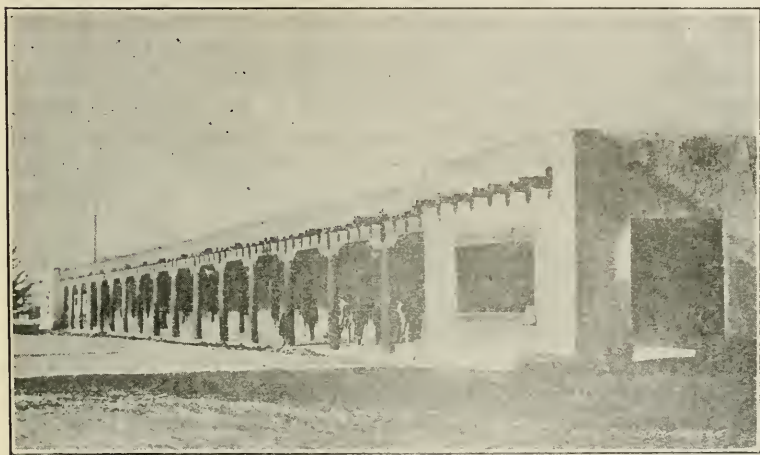
From Mimbres the Janos road was followed to Ojo de la Vaca (Cow Spring). This road passed to the west of Florida Mountain, and crossed the present line of the Southern Pacific Railroad a little west of the town of Demming, New Mexico. As you travel east over the S. P. the train will stop at Demming, and the traveler will know that a few moments before, he has crossed the trail of the Mormon battalion. Now look off to the North about fifteen miles and you will see a sharp peak rising from the Mimbres range, which has been thrust up through the plain. It is Cooke's Peak, an eternal monument to the Battalion commander.

When the writer traveled through Arizona and New Mexico, in 1875, many times crossing the trail of the Battalion, the old landmarks had been little changed. The roads followed were those which had been traveled from the earliest times, many of them by the Indians before Columbus landed at the Bahamas. Arizona was still a country of untamed Indians, unreliable Mexicans, and outlaw white men, with many honorable exceptions, of course, to each of these various classes, and New Mexico was no farther advanced.

For a period of nine months, during which time a distance of about three thousand miles was covered, he did not sleep in a bed which was not carried on a horse, and ate scarcely a meal that was not cooked over a camp fire.

On the 19th of May, 1876, on the return from the interior of Mexico, we camped at Ojo de la Vaca, a point which Tyler says the Battalion reached Nov. 19, 1846.

In 1833 an edict was promulgated by the Mexican officials at Chihuahua declaring a war of extinction against the Apache Indians. The state offered a bonus of one hundred dollars for the scalp of an Apache warrior, fifty dollars for the scalp of a squaw, and twenty five dollars for the scalp of a child. A certain trapper, known as Johnson, and his associates, under pretense of friendship, invited the Mimbreno Apaches to a council. After the pow wow was finished a sack of flour was brought out and the Indians told to divide it among themselves. A howitzer had been concealed, loaded to the muzzle with slugs,



The Government Palace, at Santa Fe. This building was occupied by the governors of New Mexico as early as 1598. It was the headquarters of General Doniphan in 1862, and was occupied by Lew Wallace while he was Governor of New Mexico. In the room on the end he is said to have written "The Fair God."

nails and balls, and trained on the spot where the sack of flour stood. As the Indians gathered to divide the flour, Johnson, with his lighted cigarette touched the vent, and the howitzer was discharged with terrible effect. The trappers then fell upon the remaining Indians with their guns and knives, and a goodly number of scalps were taken. Among the killed was Juan Jose, the Apache chief.

This atrocious act was committed either at Ojo de la Vaca, or at Mimbres, opinion being divided in regard to the exact location.

The Apaches have never forgotten this act of treachery, and it has been paid for in the scalps of white men and women many times over.

On the 21st, the command resumed its march south on the Janos road. A few miles south of Ojo de la Vaca this road bears off to the south-east, and had it been followed, the Battalion would have passed the present site of Colonia Diaz, Ascension, Janos, Casas Grandes and El Valle and on to Chihuahua, where General Doniphan had defeated the Mexicans at the battle of Sacramento. The old Mexican breast works are still comparatively intact, where this great victory was won.

It was at this turn in the road that Col. Cooke called a halt, and decided a question which, had it been decided otherwise, would have entirely changed the story which is being told by ordering his bugler to blow the right. The command, leaving a road which would lead them through a well settled country, turned their faces westward, and started across a rolling prairie, without a trail, toward the north end of the Espuelas Mountains. The point where this important incident occurred is about fifteen miles southwest from the present town of Demming, New Mexico, and one hundred miles due west from El Paso, Texas.

A detached range, extending north from the Sierra Madre, in Mexico, is known as the Espuelas (Spur) Mountain. From the point where Colonel Cooke turned to the west, to the north end of the Espuelas there was no road; from that point to the San Bernardino Ranch a bridle path connected the states of Chihuahua and Sonora. After the battalion had passed over the trail, constructing a passable wagon road as they went, the road was used as a United States mail route and the San Bernardino Ranch as a mail station.

The ascent from Ojo de la Vaca to the Espuelas is so gradual that it is scarcely noticeable, but once the summit is reached the descent to the west, to the lower altitude of Sonora, is very abrupt and difficult. It was at this divide that Tyler says they had reached the back bone of the American Continent. He refers to the locality as being one abounding in wild game; bear, deer and small game being mentioned. These game animals still abound, as the writer knows from personal experience, and to them may be added the wild turkey. It is a veritable hunters' paradise.

It was in making the descent from the Espuelas to the Guadalupe Canyon that a passage was cut through a projecting ledge of rock to enable the wagons to pass. The writer has passed through this cut, which is still so dangerous that no

modern teamster travels the road, if it can be avoided. Once the Guadalupe Canyon is reached, a comparatively easy road follows down the canyon past the Embudos (Funnel) Ranch to the San Bernardino Creek. A short march up this creek to the north brought the command to the old San Bernardino Ranch.

At no point on their long march did the Battalion camp at a spot more replete with romance and tragedy than this. It was one of those old grants made by the king of Spain to the early Spanish Conquistadores, and had been stocked and operated by the original owners, but because of the Apache uprising in the early part of the nineteenth century, had been abandoned; and the cattle and horses, left without herders, had become as wild as deer which ranged over the hills. It was these cattle



The Old Mission of San Xavier del Bac. Col. Cooke started from Tucson, with a small escort, to visit this interesting mission, but fearing an ambush, returned to the city without reaching it.

which the soldiers found at the ranch, and which served such good purpose as food.

In 1877 the ranch, which consisted of forty thousand acres, was purchased by John Slaughter, a Texan, who came to Arizona to engage in the cattle business. He was one of the most picturesque characters that ever operated in the south-west. Always alert and ready to fight, if occasion made battle necessary, he ever stood for law and order and was a terror to the lawless men who infested Arizona at the time to which reference is made. He was elected sheriff of Cochise county, the headquarters of

raiding Apaches and outlaw white men. Many efforts were made to take his life, but on every occasion he outgeneraled his enemies, and died peacefully at his home, in Douglas, Arizona, on the 16th of February, 1922.

His house at San Bernardino was so constructed that a part was in the United States, and a part in Mexico. He could cross from one country to another without leaving his house. The writer never saw him, day or night, without his boots, spurs and gun on, and a horse always stood saddled in his stable.

The gateway into Mexico through which the Chiricahua and Coyotero Apaches passed on their raiding expeditions was by way of San Bernardino, and many bloody scenes were enacted there. The ranch was the headquarters of General Lawton, in his campaign which resulted in the capture of Geronimo, the noted Apache chief, and the last band of hostiles were wiped out in a battle near that point. To tell the entire story would require a volume of space.

From San Bernardino the trail bore west to Agua Prieta, (Black water) now Douglas, Arizona, and from that point a little north of west, between the present towns of Naco and Bisbee, to the head of the San Pedro River. It was near Hereford, the present ranch which belongs to the estate of the late W. C. Green, of Cananea fame, that the Battalion had the celebrated encounter with wild bulls.

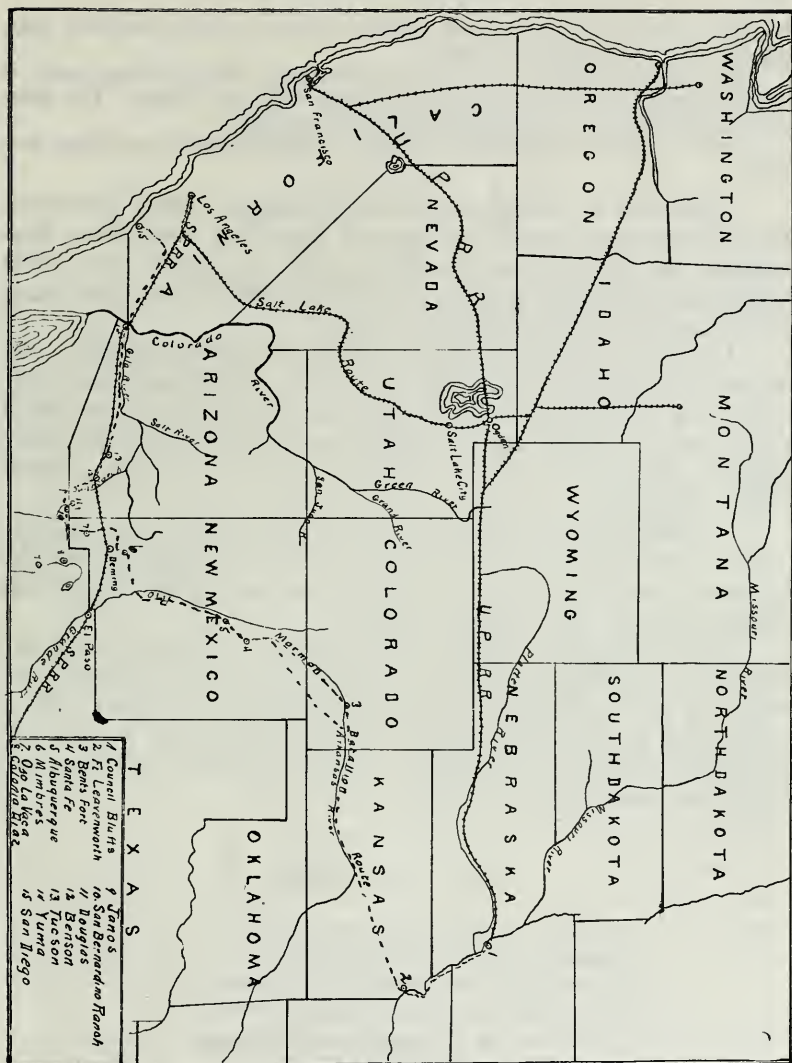
From Hereford the trail led down the San Pedro north, to a point a few miles below the railroad town of Benson, and from there bore west to Tucson.

In 1687 Father Kino, a Jesuit Priest, visited the Indians who occupied the country contiguous to Tucson, and five years later established a mission at San Xavier del Bac, a short distance south of the present city, which at the time was a mere rancharia, or Indian camping place. It became a walled Spanish town in 1776.

Col. Cooke expected resistance at Tucson, and prepared for it, but the detachment of Mexican soldiers which composed the garrison, withdrew as the Americans approached, retreating toward San Xavier and the army marched into the town without bloodshed.

The old mission of San Xavier still stands, as shown in the illustration. Its irrigated fields have been cultivated for a period of nearly two hundred and fifty years, and such is the fertility of the soil, which has never been fertilized, that it still produces remarkably fine crops of wheat and other crops. This system of irrigation employed by the Indians, and which has been in use since remote times, serves as a fertilizer to the soil.

Map showing the Route of the Mormon Battalion, Council Bluffs to San Diego



The Battalion started on their march from Tucson to the Gila River, on the 18th of December, 1846, and reached the Gila on the 21st. This was undoubtedly the most trying and dangerous march on the entire trail. Both men and animals suffered greatly from thirst, and the wonder is that none perished. Referring to this portion of the trail the following is copied from the journal of the writer:

“December 7, 1875: Left for Gila this morning and crossed a twenty-

five mile desert to Picacho (Peak) station, where we paid twenty-five cents per span for watering our animals.

8th: From Pechacho we traveled twenty-five miles, without water, to Desert station, where we again paid for water for our animals. The water is drawn from wells one hundred and fifty feet deep.

"9th: Traveled twenty-three miles, and camped three miles from Tucson."

From this it will be seen that the distance from Tucson to the Gila was seventy-five miles, and that they were three days making the distance on horseback, with no water except that which was drawn from the deep wells which did not exist when the Battalion crossed this desert waste.

Upon arrival at the Gila the army were among friends. Of all the Indian tribes visited by the writer, the Pimas showed the greatest intelligence, and regard for honor. They have occupied their present home on the Gila since early times, and have become successful farmers, applying irrigation to all of their cultivated fields.

At this point the Battalion connected with the trail followed by General Kearny, and followed it down the Gila to the Colorado, and from there to California on practically the present route of the Southern Pacific railroad.

This latter part of the journey, while not fraught with the dangers and difficulties of some other parts of the journey, involved great hardships, because of the sandy roads, and lack of water, and it was with great rejoicing that the army stood upon the hills overlooking the Pacific, and realized that the long and dangerous journey was finished.

The Old Folks

God bless the old folks everywhere—

The faded brow, the silver hair.

Bid all their heartaches, Lord, to cease,

And lead them o'er the paths of peace.

They come to us through toil and tears,

Up the long path-way of the years;

And now with step subdued and slow

They linger in the sunset glow.

They laid the deep foundation stone

On which our commonwealth has grown.

Through all the bright and blushing lands

We see the impress of their hands.

Upon their heads of silver gray

Pour down thy blessings, Lord. Array

Their path-way through the sunset hour

With many a fair and fragrant flower.

Theo. E. Curtis.

The Old Trail

By Harrison R. Merrill

All my life the old trail has been the source of keenest pleasure to me. Even as a boy I used to hide in the willows beside the fence where the trail passed my father's farm, at the mouth of the canyon, my trusty, wooden gun all cocked and primed. There I would watch with eagle eyes the long line of tawny warriors that passed before me—in my fancy. Sometimes I would leap from my hiding place, yelling and flourishing my tomahawk, scattering the unsuspecting warriors right and left. At other times I would lie quiet, and listen to the guttural conversation in which the squaws indulged as they passed near me.

It was a romantic old trail, for, in days gone by, it had been the main thoroughfare of the Red Men who followed its devious way twice a year to and from their summer hunting grounds. It ran along the river bottom where the shade from the overhanging willows served as a protection from the sun, up past the ice-cold Watercress Spring. Then it went on—and on—to the very head of the canyon where it left the noisy river and followed a dry canyon, filled with a dense growth of aspens, up to the foot of the highest mountain ridge which separates Cache and Bear Lake valleys. Here the trail left the shade of the aspens and see-sawed back and forth among the buck brush whose low, thick stems and glossy, green leaves made the bulging mountain face look like the gigantic, green skirt of some Titan's wife laced down the front with a bit of drab braid.

Never yet had I gone over the old trail, although I had lived within a stone's throw of it all my life. Often I had sat by the kitchen fire, listening, with alert ears and shining eyes, to the frontier tales my uncle told me. Upon such occasion I would vow that another summer would not pass without my having trod every inch of its enchanted length.

At last the opportunity came. With a good horse I set out one morning upon my forty mile trip over the mountain. I followed the trail up along the river bottom, every sense actively alert. As I rode I dreamed and dreamed. The quietude of the canyon broken only by the singing river or an occasional harsh-voiced king fisher, so fired my imagination that, at every

turn, I half expected to meet a line of brawny warriors. I knew perfectly well, however, that not a moccasined foot had stirred the dust of the Old Trail for nearly half a century.

It was long past noon when I reached the mountain. Here, where the aspens ended, the trail became so steep that I dismounted and went on foot, leading my horse in order to save his strength. Together we toiled up the almost perpendicular mountain side, puffing and perspiring from the strenuous exertion. Occasionally I would pause at some good place and look back into the world we had left. Far, far away the valley could be seen with its splotches of brown and green, and still farther, on the very edge of the world, it seemed, the great inland sea shone like a piece of silver trimming through the purple haze.

We toiled up and ever up, though the sun beat down upon us mercilessly. As we crept up the last steep curve of the Old Trail, a tiny object, half concealed near the gnarled root of a pinion pine, standing silent guard at the top of the mountain, caught my eyes. I stopped and picked it up. It was half of a rude, obsidian heart, carefully scalloped around the outer edge. I scratched around in the dirt at the foot of the tree diligently searching for the other piece as I was a great lover of all kinds of Indian relics. When I removed the dirt and debris among the roots of the tree, I discovered a small cavity which had evidently been hollowed out by the hand of man; in fact, part of the root seemed to have been hacked away by a keen instrument of some kind.

The cavity was evidently of great age, for the wood had decayed until, at the slightest touch of my hands, it crumbled into dust. As I felt around in the fine material which had collected on the floor of the aperture, my hand came in contact with something soft. Drawing it out I discovered it was a very much decayed buckskin wallet the sides of which had once been beautifully decorated with Indian beads. Although many of the beads had fallen off, I could still make out the design. It was a crimson heart, scalloped around the edges in the same way as the one I held in my hand. I opened the wallet and, to my astonishment, the other half of the heart was disclosed. I fitted the broken sides together. There could be no doubt; those two halves had once formed a perfect heart.

I carefully examined the wallet and the piece of stone and found just above the bead-work heart a narrow slit such as might have been made by a thin, keen knife. I turned the wallet over, and there, extending half way down was a dark, irregular stain. I looked once more at the half heart the wallet

had contained and noticed that near one of its edges its black, glassy surface was dulled by some adhering substance.

Although I examined every nook and corner of the cavity with great care not another thing could I find except a few small beads which had evidently fallen from the side of the bag.

As my horse browsed among the buck-brush and Indian-root along the crest of the mountain, I sat down on the edge of the Old Trail and followed its meanderings with my eye, down the steep, almost perpendicular, mountain side for ten thousand feet where it wriggled out of the buck-brush into the stately grove of quaking aspens there to lose itself from sight for many miles. As I sat there, with those relics of a passing race in my hand, I could almost see the tawny forms of Indians as they toiled up the trail on their way to Bear Lake.

I glanced up at the towering pine within whose pleasant shade I sat. Its out-spread arms, extended toward the listening sky, seemed to be alive. Its long, gray-green needles seemed to be delicate strings upon which the wind played the weird melodies of the past. As I looked, I wondered how many dusky forms had taken advantage of the old tree's shade; how many warriors had peered from behind its massive trunk in search of enemies; how many red-skinned lovers had made of it a trysting place in those wild, free days of long ago.

I looked once more at the trinkets in my hand—a buckskin bag, and a broken heart tinged with a deep, dark stain! It was probably a love token which had brought a delightful thrill to the heart of some Indian maiden. As I sat there, the silent story came to me from the tree, from the wind, from the token itself,—or from out the infinite—who knows?

* * *

It was summer. The long, glorious days had once more come to the tent dwellers along the Logan river. They hunted and fished to their heart's content from the south edge of their beautiful valley to the point where the waters parted at the northern end, part rushing off to join its parent, the great and turbulent Snake river, and part following back along their trail in search of the inland sea.

When the July sun had melted the snow from the trail which led up Cub river, over the high, dividing range, and down into the Bear Lake Valley, the Indians turned their steps eastward. They fished and hunted along the banks of the clear, cold Cub, each day moving farther and farther up the canyon until, at last, the camp stood at the foot of the mountain whose lofty summit seemed to touch the very stars. Here the old chief said they would camp for several days while the young men

hunted in the forks of the canyon. It was necessary, too, that some go over the mountain to see that the trail was clear.

War Eagle, a straight, clean-built, agile, young warrior was selected for this important duty. Taking his gun and knife one morning he silently left the camp, upon his dangerous mission. He was a sinewy fellow, strong and fleet of foot. He entered the trail, worn several feet deep by the passing of thousands of moccasined feet, and by the miniature spring floods that tumbled down it from the snow drifts at the top of the range.

War Eagle climbed steadily up, now and again glancing over his shoulder at the canyon below. For more than two hours he climbed with that smooth, tiger-like movement characteristic of the Indian. At last, near noon, he stood on the top of the mountain in the shade of a great pinion pine-tree whose gnarled, old roots ran parallel to the trail. His dark eyes flashed as he looked out over the land of his inheritance. Truly it was a magnificent sight. Straight before him the mountain dropped away to the river bottom ten thousand feet below. Farther down the canyon walls seemed to hover over the tiny ribbon that seemed to be interlaced in a pattern of rich, dark green. Farther out the mountains merged into the foot-hills which, in turn, merged into the level plain.

War Eagle stretched out his arms in a sweeping gesture. "My country!" he cried exultantly in a soft Indian dialect. "This is my country! I love it!"

Turning he continued on his way over the rocky divide to a smooth, mountain meadow that swept up to within a few hundred feet of the summit. He followed the trail along a tiny mountain stream which rose from an ice-cold spring near the head of the meadow down to where it entered a dense, lofty growth of pines. Here the young Indian moved quietly and with great caution, not because he expected any danger but because it was habitual. He was careful not to break a twig or make the slightest sound. At last he stood behind a tree on the edge of a little clearing in the middle of which was a deep-blue lake. On one side the rocks of a nearby peak reared themselves two hundred feet above the liquid mirror, their every crevice and scar plainly visible in the water below. On the other three sides the dark pines crowded except in a narrow aisle through which the outlet ran.

War Eagle looked stealthily around the small inclosure until his eyes paused near the foot of the rock. Not a muscle of his face moved, but an added sparkle in his piercing eyes betokened something unusual and unexpected.

A slight Indian maiden stood leaning over a great boulder,

looking down at her image in the sleeping lake, her back toward the watching Indian. Again he glanced around the small enclosure, and after assuring himself that they two were the only human being presents, he walked cautiously up behind the absorbed maiden. With a smile upon his face he looked over her shoulder at her reflection below him. For a moment the girl did not move, but stood staring into the handsome face of the stranger reflected in the water. Then, like a flash, she turned and faced him, a small steel dagger gleaming in her hand.

"How!" he said calmly, standing back and leaning upon his rifle. Reassured by his friendly tone, she dropped her hand.

In the days that followed War Eagle found many excuses for delaying his people and for climbing the steep, old trail. The first day or two he met the girl quite by accident, so she thought, in different parts of the woods, and on the mountain tops, but there came a day when he met her by appointment. Those were wonderful hours for the two young people, for, although their skins were dark, their hearts' blood was red, and the words of love spoken in an Indian tongue have the same power to thrill the being to the finger tips as the most melodious accents which drop from the full, ripe lips of a Caucasian princess.

Together they would climb the jagged peaks and sit gazing out over the untamed wilderness, their wild hearts answering perfectly the sounds that can be heard only in the deep, cool canyons and on the wind-swept heights of the Rocky Mountains. Yes, those were glorious days filled to overflowing with sensations which never come to the dweller in the plains,—filled with ambition, with dreams of conquest, and with awe which the Infinite inspires.

One morning when the camp was asleep, War Eagle left his tepee and quietly, beneath the stars, found his way to the pinion pine where he expected to find her whom he hoped one day would be his mate. As he stood beneath its out-stretched arms, the vibrating roar of the river came faintly to him from far below, and the innumerable fingers of the night toyed with his hair and stroked the feather which he wore. As he waited there for the sound of approaching footsteps, he stooped down and began silently to dig with the point of his knife a hole among the gnarled roots of the pinion tree. He was working diligently when suddenly two soft, round arms held him prisoner. The young chief rose to his feet in astonishment. The girl was abashed. Her love had carried her too far. War Eagle stood looking down at her, the fire gradually changing in his eyes to a softer light.

For days this clandestine courtship continued. Nearly every night the two would meet under the old tree, or, if one could not fill the appointment, a token was left in the aperture War Eagle had made.

July wore on and still the Indians hunted along the head waters of the Cub river. War Eagle had laid plans to carry his mate away, for between his people and her people unfriendly relations existed, owing to the fact that each tribe laid claim to certain portions of summer hunting grounds, each refusing to share them with the other. The feeling of estrangement had grown between the two tribes until a deadly feud finally existed between them. War Eagle knew that it would be folly even to approach his betrothed's father; in fact, he knew that such an act could result only in war. Besides, the girl had informed him long ago that she was expected to marry a young chief in her own tribe.

One night as they stood by the ancient pine in silent comradeship, the girl said in a low tone, "Pretty soon Kaomi must say goodby to War Eagle."

"Goodby?" the young chief questioned in surprise. "Why goodby?"

"Kaomi's people move in two days. She must move with them."

"Never!" War Eagle vehemently declared. "Kaomi goes with me!"

"Great Chief will not allow it."

"Great Chief can't help himself. Won't go with me—Kaomi?" The young fellow held out his arms pleadingly. "War Eagle loves Kaomi as the eagle loves the mountain peaks. Will she go with him?"

"Kaomi must go back to her tepee once more. Tomorrow night," she said as she disengaged herself from his arms.

"Here," War Eagle said, holding out a buckskin wallet on the side of which was a crimson heart worked in beads, "Take this, War Eagle's heart," he continued, smiling, as he dropped a carefully chipped obsidian heart in the wallet and handed it to her. With a buckskin string she fastened the wallet around her neck where it would be out of sight, and vanished in the darkness.

War Eagle walked out into the trail, his heart pounding triumphantly. He looked up at the stars and then out into the darkness which filled the winding canyon, and then his moccasined feet carried him noiselessly down the trail.

The following evening he reached the trysting place early, carrying with him such things as were necessary for a journey, for, with his mate, he intended to strike south into the basin

country where his trail might be lost among the boulders and in the creek bottoms of a hundred different canyons. He expected that they would be followed, but he was confident that they would never be caught. He knew that he was staking his life and hers upon his skilfulness in eluding the pursuers. He sat quietly by the tree for some time patiently waiting for his mate to appear. In the twinkle of every star he read a message of love; in ever canyon sound he seemed to hear her voice.

At last he grew restless. He felt anxiously in the aperture for any token which she might have left. Standing up he looked down into the black depths from whence she should appear. As he was about to reseal himself, he heard her step into the well-worn trail and, in another moment, she was leaning against him, breathless with fear.

"He saw me! He comes! Go!"

"Never!" War Eagle replied through clenched teeth as he drew his trusty knife. "Let him come!"

His eyes flashed as he peered into the darkness in search of any hidden foe. Kaomi cowered near him, her hands trembling as she clung to the strong, young chief.

"War Eagle must go. He'll kill us both!"

She half turned as if to leave him when a tawny figure leaped out of the darkness and struck for War Eagle's heart. The girl gave one wild scream as she staggered back, the blood gushing from a cruel wound in her breast. War Eagle caught her and gently laid her down. Then, with a savage growl, his assailant was upon him.

War Eagle was young and strong. His great muscles moved like living bands of steel beneath his copper skin as he closed with his invisible opponent whose second knife thrust had laid his cheek wide open. Back and forth over the Old Trail they surged in a death struggle, clasped in each other's arms, each left hand gripping with all its strength the deadly right that strove to deliver one end-all blow. The warm blood from War Eagle's wounded face dripped in a red stream down his brawny breast.

At last the strain began to tell. Perspiration in tiny freshets trickled down their backs and legs; their breath came in thick, harsh gasps, and the muscles on their powerful arms began to ache with the strain. With a mighty effort War Eagle threw his antagonist to the ground, never once relaxing his iron grasp upon that deadly hand. The breath of his opponent was now more of a wheeze filled with agony and effort than life giving respiration. War Eagle, with desperate power, put what force he could muster behind the hand that held the knife. Gradually the arm of his antagonist crumpled until the long, keen blade

was sheated in his quivering flesh. War Eagle leaped to his feet, almost too tired to stand.

Staggering over to the silent form of the girl, he gently lifted her head and spoke to her, but there was no response. He put his hand over her heart but there was no movement. As he withdrew it, a string caught in his fingers and the wallet he had given her only the day before, stained and damp, came with them. He removed it from her neck and felt of it. A long, thin hole pierced it just above the bead work and inside there were two halves of a broken, obsidian heart. He kissed the dead lips and laid the loved heart back upon a pillow of leaves. Then he arose, placed the wallet and its token in the aperture among the gnarled roots of the old pine tree, carefully concealing its hiding place.

Taking up his few scanty belongings, his blankets and tepee, he silently vanished down the Old Trail.

* * *

I glanced once more at the trinket in my hand. There, sure enough, was the chipped place where the knife had struck. "Too bad it wasn't a little thicker," I mused, glancing meditatively up at the whispering pine.

Carefully I plugged the hole of the squirrel which had desecrated the hiding place, then I placed the love token back in the aperture reverently covering it with dirt.

M. I. A. Song

(Air: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

We are the valiant army of the glorious M. I. A.,
With truth our mighty weapon, we rush to each great affray;
To meet and conquer Satan is our constant roundelay,
And we go marching on.

Chorus: Glory, glory hallelujah, etc.

We aim to have each passing sun set on a well spent day,
Each yesterday a monument—each morn a greater fray,
To lead the youth of Zion on to super-chastity,
As we go marching on.

The tea and coffee monster we have conquered on the field;
John Barleycorn, with all his booze, has fallen on his shield;
While old cyclops, tobacco, now must meet our burnished steel,
As we go marching on.

We'll never see our shadows if we always face the sun,
So come along and join our song, the fight is just begun,
We'll know no word like falter till the war of truth is won,
As we go marching on.

Lethbridge, Canada

Octave F. Ursenbach

Functions of the College and University*

By George Thomas, Ph. D., President of the University of Utah

Pioneering

With the settlement of Jamestown in 1607, and Plymouth in 1620, the pioneering of what is now the United States began. From these early beginnings, the movement of the Anglo-Saxon race has continued westward, until it has finally crossed the American continent. During this long period of over three hundred years, pioneering in some form or place has been going on continuously, and it is only now, in the commonly accepted sense of the term, coming to a close. Every part of our common country has undergone the hardships incident to pioneering and has likewise felt the inspiration and the quickening impulse of new settlement and has experienced the joy of conquering the natural resources and making them contribute to the support and maintenance of man.

To do this work successfully it required a certain type of men and women, and the earliest settlers who pioneered in the glacial hills of New England, in the fertile valley of the Mississippi, on the Great Plains, in the rugged valleys of the Rocky Mountains, or in the sunny valleys of the Pacific slope possessed as a whole similar traits of character. They were strong men; they were self-reliant men; they were men possessed of determination, persistence, and a high degree of common sense. In a great majority of cases, these qualities, in connection with their love of adventure and their desire for economic independence caused them to pioneer and to settle upon new western lands. Early settlement made it necessary that they should build roads and bridges, establish homes, break the resisting sod and plant it to crops in order to secure a living. Preceding the accomplishment of this task, it was frequently necessary to subdue the native savages. Many of these men were illiterate, according to the ordinary usages of the term, but they were far from being ignorant men. Comparatively few of them were skilled in the trades or educated in the higher sense. Here and there were groups that formed exceptions to this generalization. Wherever political liberty or religious freedom were the actuating cause of the move, a higher percentage of skilled and

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educated men were usually found. For instance, among the earliest settlers of New England, there was one college graduate to every two hundred fifty of the population. Taking them as a whole, it is generally conceded that the pioneers were a very well equipped body of men and women for the tasks at hand. We can go further, and say that while they lacked training and education suited to our age and did some of their work in a haphazard way, yet the fundamental qualities of their characters were and are essential to successful living in every age.

In the tasks of cutting timber, breaking sod, etc., physical strength usually predominated over technical skill and knowledge. For untold ages vast areas of fertile land had remained undisturbed and, to produce food, all that was necessary was to till the soil in a crude way and plant it to some sort of crop. Ordinarily the soil was so rich as to yield many fold, although this was true in the arid region only after irrigation water had been made available. A knowledge of soil physics and soil chemistry was not known or needed; for, should the soil under cultivation become exhausted, there was a practically unlimited supply of rich, fertile lands nearby to the west. Many of the pests now requiring high skill to control were then unknown. Even the timber supply (until the West was reached) was more a problem of getting rid of than of conserving, and the task was to pull it out of the soil and burn it. These early experiences gave our countrymen initiative, resourcefulness, and power of achievement—the qualities which have made our nation great. It gave them extension of vision, even if they lacked exactness of detail. On the other hand, we cannot fail to recognize that out of their plenitude of natural resources has come waste, superficiality, and a disregard for the welfare of the future. We waste and destroy annually almost as much as some nations have to live upon. These latter qualities must be eliminated if we are to achieve as a nation the highest possible goal socially, educationally, and industrially.

If we turn from the physical to the economic and social conditions, we find that life in the early settlements was very simple. The complexity of modern life was entirely unknown. The rural population then lived alone or in small villages, and was self-sustaining. In general, the exchange of products confined itself to very limited areas, except where settlers were located along a stream or on a bay or lake. Church activities and community amusements were equally simple. In the beginnings of many settlements there were no churches. Amusements, in the main, consisted of dancing, corn huskings, quilting bees, horseback riding, and house parties. The males also indulged in fishing and hunting, which furnished amusement, and also

diversified and supplemented the food supply. Every condition of this sort of life tended to develop strong, individualistic types of men, who came to feel that any man potentially could be or could do anything, and that the way to learn was through a practical apprenticeship, in which theoretical training played a very unimportant part.

This strong individualism of character was intensified by the natural surroundings. On every hand great natural resources were found in abundance. The pioneers came to look upon them as practically inexhaustible. Even the rapidity of the conquest of the continent did not cause them to doubt their conclusions. The spirit emanating from this strong individualism and material security came to influence the social outlook and the individual and community habits. Prodigality naturally grew out of the whole environment, for why should care and economy be exercised where nature had been so lavish in her gifts that her supply could never be used, to say nothing about being exhausted. Prodigality in the use of resources was justified to a certain extent under pioneer conditions, as the people crossed the continent, but it should have ceased with the passing of that period. Unfortunately some of these habits have remained with us to influence our present-day industrial, social, and educational activities.

The persistence of these pioneer habits is shown by the following examples. A few years ago the speaker visited a farm of about ten thousand acres in north-central California. For thirty successive years the land had been planted to wheat. When the land was first cultivated, it yielded thirty-two bushels to the acre, but after thirty years it yielded eight to ten bushels. The economic conditions of a generation before had entirely changed, but old methods of cultivation still persisted, and the proprietor confessed that he could not change. In other words, wasteful habits were so firmly fixed that the cultivator could not change to better ones, even when it was more profitable. Two or three years later the speaker visited several farms in Wisconsin and Illinois, and on many of them the fertility of the soil had been exhausted, but the American farmers were still growing corn—and at a loss, while the Germans and Scandinavians, through dairy farming, were building up their soil, making a profit, and gradually buying out the Americans. The American farmers could not change the pioneer habits of their grandfathers and adapt themselves to a different form of agriculture; they would rather sell out and move to the Far West than think of returns in other than wheat or corn. These illustrations have been given because the examples will be

readily recognized as illustrative of similar conditions elsewhere.

Habits once established among a people do not always confine themselves to one field but frequently express themselves in other activities. To show this it is only necessary to examine our wasteful methods of coal-mining. Furthermore, old habits and traditions do not readily give way to new ones; note the apparent inability of our people to qualify themselves to manufacture the finer and more artistic products. It is frequently maintained that this is entirely due to cheap labor in European countries, but in instances where the tariff has been made so high as to compel the transfer of an industry from a foreign country to the United States, it has been found necessary in certain cases, in order to make the industry successful, to bring the skilled labor along with it.

During the last three-quarters of a century, there has been a rapid change. The social and industrial simplicity of the early period has been rapidly disappearing. There is no longer a vast area of public domain open for entry; it is practically exhausted, except for the lands that can be subjected to irrigation or dry-farming. In the future, thousands of citizens cannot annually move West to seek independence and a competence and thereby increase the national food supply. The increased food required by a growing people will compel the doing away with the old superficial methods of treatment of the soil and the substitution of intensified culture. As the industrial conditions have influenced our habits in the past, so they will in the future. Frugality, of necessity, will replace prodigality, and undoubtedly this will be carried over into our social and educational policies.

Development of the Common Public School

In the beginnings of the settlements of all pioneers, an institution that they early established was the common public school. Even though often they could not read and write themselves, they regarded a school for their children next to the necessities of life. As the life of the people was simple, so was the school. The three R's were the maximum, and often fewer subjects were taught. The equipment was simple indeed. One small log room, a slab stool, no desk, no blackboard, a reader, a speller, and a slate constituted the entire equipment and supplies for the first summer season. The same books were used the second season, but a tracing copy book was added to the list. For six hours a day pupils were supposed to apply themselves to reading, writing and spelling. The teachers were usually devoted souls, who sacrificed themselves at a very low

wage to the children. Educationally, however, they were frequently no better equipped than the school room. It should be readily observed, that as regards simplicity, these schools were typical of the pioneer life itself. For a long period of time, there was little change, either in the life of the people or in the curricula of the schools. However, as new industries arose and as new fields of knowledge were developed, the communities felt that the information so gained should be organized and introduced as studies into some part of the school system. In the last half of the nineteenth century, the industrial development was rapid, and the pressure for the expansion of the school program was great; so that the introduction of new subject matter has gone along at a rapid pace. As a matter of fact, a study of the history of this movement for half a century leaves the impression that the introduction of new material has been of increasing interest, regardless of whether the material had been properly organized for the mind of the child or the youth, or whether the instructors were qualified to teach it or not. If the so-called "non-progressive school officers" would not listen to "reason" and find a place in the curricula for the new studies, resort was frequently had to the legislature, and laws were passed compelling the teacher in many instances to give instruction in subjects which they themselves did not understand. The nation was determined to have the schools cover every field of human knowledge as rapidly as it had expanded over the continent. Unfortunately, and too often, the methods of cultivation and of teaching were equally superficial.

From what I have said, I would not have my hearers believe that I am opposed to new subjects or to new material, for, on the contrary, I am strongly in favor of it and of making education serve the people, but I am here attempting to show the development of a spirit that has gradually influenced school policies and that it was similar to industrial policies.

The process of adding subjects continually and with a tendency toward superficiality appeared inevitable. We were treating our schools as we were our broad acres, and this condition is today too generally true. The older sections of the country have been able to overcome these difficulties to a greater extent than the newer sections, but they are far from being eliminated.

A New Era of Industry, Education and Spirituality

A new era is upon us industrially and educationally. In this new era, it is the duty of the educational system to play its part. It must perpetuate the rich traditions and high principles and ideals of the past. The youth must be taught the

great value of their heritage. This heritage embraces art, science, literature, philosophy, ethics, law, religion, etc. It is the basis of civilization.

It is equally the duty of the educational system to eliminate superficiality, waste, unscientific methods, outworn practice and wrong and injustice wherever possible, whether of past or present origin.

In field and factory and on college campus a change is imminent. If we are to have food, we shall have to intensify the culture of the present acreage; if we are to have timber, we shall have to conserve the present supply; and if we are to have scholars, we shall have to intensify our studies. You can build great buildings in a few months, you can reclaim vast areas in a few years, but you cannot build spiritual or educational ideals in a short time. When it is attempted to carry methods of quick action into the spiritual realm, it does not bring immediate results. We should, therefore, organize the schools so that the children of the nation shall pursue both physically and mentally a progressive program but shall not be the prey of every individual who wants to establish an educational quick-lunch counter.

To accomplish such a policy of thoroughness, it has frequently been advocated that a return to the pioneer school, with its few subjects, should be made. Undoubtedly a certain amount of simplification should take place, but it would be no more possible for the simple schools that served the pioneer of three-quarters of a century ago to return and to meet the demands of our complex civilization than for the farmer and the manufacturer to return to the simple ways of a century ago or for the nation to return to live on the eastern seaboard. Moreover, if elimination is to take place, each subject must be carefully considered in respect to fundamental human requirements as they now exist. Society, which supports an educational system, is justified in expecting it to respond to social needs, though not to follow every fad that crosses the country.

When duplication and non-essentials have been eliminated, the remainder must be studied with a serious thoroughness and intensity hitherto unknown. America has done more for her schools than any other nation and, as a whole, the people have accepted this great opportunity altogether too lightly.

Intensity and Thoroughness Demanded of Higher Educational Institutions

Education is really a serious business, and those in control of it and those who are participants in its benefits must fully realize this. There must be change in attitude, and to bring

a change from superficiality to intensity and thoroughness is one of the chief functions of the colleges and universities. If we have inherited or created conditions that are inimical to the development of leadership and to social welfare, it is our duty to investigate the causes and apply the remedies. In the undertaking of such a task we must realize that the colleges and universities have too often allowed ease and frivolity to substitute for studious effort. Social conditions no doubt have contributed largely to such conditions. The rapid increase of wealth in the country has brought thousands of families to affluence. Parents are very desirous of educating their children and doing the very best they can for them. In order to do this, the parents send immature youths in great numbers to American colleges and universities. Frequently the young men and women enter these institutions with no definite purpose. To the men in many instances athletics and fraternities constitute the inducement, and for the women, sororities and society. Even many parents have no definite idea of why they are sending their children to college, except that they have the money and the children are young and it appears the proper thing to do. With this class of college population constituting a considerable percentage of the student body, it is exceedingly difficult to build ideals and motivate them in the right direction. They do not realize for a second the importance or purpose of college education. They do not appear to understand that a college is an institution purposely designed to develop men and women with ideals of high morality, spirituality, and intellectuality. It is exceedingly difficult to interest them, and if they cannot be interested, they are seriously interfering with the high purposes of the institution,—which are to help society to develop men and women of fine fibre, who will be ready and willing to give of the fruits of their finer achievements to aid in the betterment of human society and institutions.

With the rapid increase in matriculation in colleges and universities, even many of the older institutions find it exceedingly difficult to maintain the high ideals. For example, the honor system of examination is one of the ideals of many southern colleges and universities but, with the great influx of freshmen, it is becoming almost impossible for the influence of the faculty and the upper classmen to bring them at once to where they are willing to live up to these traditions, so that cheating in examinations is on the increase. It is the influence of outside life on this splendid ideal. A leading American educator, regretting these indications of the lowering of the moral standards of education, said to me last fall, "When mother makes home brew and father cheats the income tax, what can

be said if the son cheats on examinations?" This is a splendid illustration of the fact that institutions have not only to contend with undesirable conditions of the past but the influence of the present.

Institutions and leaders of institutions of learning in America are far from blameless in the matter of the lack of seriousness and scholarship on their campuses. They have catered too frequently to the social and to the material side of the plant. The general public wanted the number of buildings to increase, irrespective of the scholarship of the institution. Too often the educational leaders have been willing to follow this drift. Buildings and equipment are necessary, but they are only the means to the great end. The things that build a great institution are not the number of buildings but a scholarly faculty, imbued with the divinity of its mission, and a student body, large or small, thirsting for knowledge. These conditions bring intense study and application and an almost divine joy to the participants.

A Scholarly Faculty

Without a scholarly faculty, nothing can be accomplished. With it the limits of achievement cannot be circumscribed. A center of learning must have the presence and inspiration of great scholars, and for a great scholar the days are too full and the nights too short for him to accomplish his work. In his humility and earnestness, he does not measure time by hours but by achievements. His accomplishment is his compensation. It is useless to attempt to build up true scholarship in a university with men who count their service by hours on the campus and their achievements by poorly prepared subject-matter. We must not deceive ourselves with an idea that thirsty students seeking for knowledge will not find out. If the well is empty, they will draw no water; the instructor's unfitness in this respect is soon discovered; and the reaction upon the student is almost immediate. In our quest for educational theories, there is one fundamental theory that we have almost forgotten, though it is the greatest of all and as old as the ages. It is a crying need in American colleges and institutions today. It is that education in any form is the result of self-effort. Scholarship is the result of work. Work is the requirement of achievement in every line and in all ages. This is as true of the students as of the faculty. A faculty of good, thorough scholarship is a faculty that works constantly. No matter how keen of intellect a man is, deep scholarship can only come to him after years of the hardest kind of work. Men who aspire to fill chairs in university faculties must realize that they must be intel-

lectual and mental leaders and that their positions can only be maintained by a constant effort. A good professor is a rare combination of inspiration and intellectualism. In order to keep up this standard in modern life, where progress is so rapid, it is an administrative duty to see to it that every professor who is elected is a real student in the truest sense of the term and well qualified for the work that he is to have in hand, and that he is possessed of the highest ideals of manhood. In order to retain this enthusiasm and scholarship, and grow as the years go by, it is a like administrative duty to see that faculty members make use of their sabbatical years for study under a scholarly environment.

What Traditions of University Students Should Be

The best faculty in the world, without a student body, could not create a university. If there were no students to teach, one of the main functions of a university would fail. Yet student life is a matter of tradition, and traditions on a university campus are of slow growth. Students are apt in these traditions to emphasize the non-essentials and unimportant things. Some prank appeals as a tradition, even if it has been in use only a year or two. The great tradition of the students of a university should be high scholarship, hard work, and a true manhood. These ideals should permeate the student body so thoroughly that the new students, as they enter the campus, will soon feel the effects of the atmosphere and respond to it. The campus of a university should be recognized as a place of intellectual education, as a place for study and work, not for idleness. In fact, in every good university, either through tradition or by regulation, work must be strictly required, and the idler must find it an impossible place to remain. In our democracy, it is desirable that education should be as widespread as possible. It is desirable that as many of the students be reached as possible, but it is equally important that when a university renders service, it shall be of a university quality. It is a grievous wrong to render a service of inferior grade to a people under the pretext of college education. It is, therefore, a solemn duty of a university to establish high standards. Students who enter the university seeking easy and inferior instruction or social opportunities to the neglect of a student career should be converted from the error of their ways or they should be required to withdraw. If their attitude of mind cannot be changed, they become a corrupting influence on the whole population of the institution.

The High Purpose of Life is not Individual Joy, but Duty

Moreover, the State is carrying a heavy burden to edu-

cate its citizens, and it has a right to expect that those who take advantage of these opportunities shall apply themselves in such a way as to become real beneficiaries of the bounties bestowed. This does not mean that all the joy and pleasure shall be eliminated from the university campus. It does mean, however, that the real preparation of life shall take precedence over passing pleasures, for it takes only a few years out of childhood to realize that the high purpose of life is not individual joy but duty. However, it is not difficult to understand the attitude of the average student. He too often comes from an environment which looks upon work as a hardship and positions that require little effort as very desirable. The parents frequently take this same attitude, and they are constantly saying that they want to educate their children so that they will not have to work so hard as they have had to,—instead of taking the position that they desire to educate their children so that they can successfully solve the problems of life. Consequently, when the students enter college, they possess the same philosophy, and endeavor to put it into effect, getting along as easily as possible. In other words, it is a case of extensive rather than of intensive culture.

On Fraternities and Sororities

Students, parents, and even faculty members sometimes forget that a record of good scholarship is a real preparation for life, while a record of social achievement on the campus is usually a poor preparation for life. The attitude of some parents, however, is somewhat difficult to understand. If the students do well in their studies, these parents take it for granted, but if these same students fail to get into a fraternity or sorority, they look upon it as a reflection; whereas, as a matter of fact, it is frequently a great advantage to be denied admission. Before membership in such organizations can be properly evaluated, parents and the outside world must assume a different attitude. They must come to the conclusion that a university is a place for educational training; they must emphasize the true university spirit and place scholarship high and membership in a fraternity or sorority low and not of vital importance. Both in the home and on the campus a correct valuation of college activities is very desirable if the students are to secure correct ideals. With so many young people on the campus, naturally a great many activities spring up. Coming as they do from a variety of environments, it is difficult to keep a correct balance. Some of the activities on the campus have to be developed, some to be supervised, some to be controlled, and some to be suppressed. For example, athletic ac-

tivities up to a certain point should be developed as an open field for everyone. They afford proper exercise, particularly for young men who have lots of excess energy. However, when a student body assumes that the success of a football team is of more importance to a university than its scholastic standing, athletics has reached a point where it must be supervised, though we cannot expect too much from young people until the public changes its emphasis. The public knows the captain of the football team much better than it knows any other man on the campus. Moreover, it gives considerable more newspaper space and publicity to this activity than to the scholarship in a college, and it is in a measure to this public feeling that the students are attempting to respond.

The same difficulties occur in fraternities. Until recently fraternities have been an expression of social life on the campus of American colleges. Frequently they have been places for the idler and the incompetent. This has continued until just recently, when it became apparent to the leaders in these movements that there was a rising public sentiment in this country that would wipe sororities and fraternities out of existence if they did not change their ideals, and now the effort is being made by traveling secretaries for nearly all of these fraternities to bring them to a realization that unless they become centers of scholarship instead of centers of wasteful social activity, American public sentiment will eliminate them. This rising tide of public sentiment has been justified, and the problem now before these organizations is whether they will adjust themselves, drop idleness and snobbishness, and stand for the highest in college life,—or be eliminated.

Abundance of Money a Disadvantage

A serious menace to scholarship on a university campus is the desire of some parents to supply their children with an abundance of money. This is not true of a majority, but it is true of a very noisy minority. A student needs good food, good clothes, good shelter, and a few luxuries, but when the ordinary student is possessed of more than this, it is a serious detriment to his scholastic achievements. This is particularly true of young men and women entering upon college careers.

Duty of the American College

In closing, permit me to say that it is the duty of the American college to perpetuate the rich traditions and principles of the race and the nation, to supplant the superficiality of the present and the past by a thoroughness which must characterize the future, to replace in the minds of the students the

idea of credit with the idea of scholarship, to implant in the hearts of the students the thought that high, thorough scholarship, is a splendid preparation for life, and finally that a college campus, with all its hopes and all its disappointments, with all its joys and with all its sorrows, with all its achievements and with all its failures, is a place where hard, intelligent work will yield greater satisfaction, greater returns, and greater happiness than almost any other spot on earth.

Elijah's Message

(Tune: "School Thy Feelings")

Look! Elijah in the temple
With a message from on high,
Turning children to their fathers,
As foretold by Malachi.
When this glorious revelation
Came as sunbeams from the sky,
Songs from the imprisoned millions
Shouted now's the triumph nigh!

This vicarious work must follow,
For the world was growing worse,
And unless it was accomplished,
Would be smitten with a curse.
Thus the records of the fathers
Are compiled in every land,
Though the spirit that is guiding
They yet fail to understand.

In the temples of Jehovah
This great work is going on,
Linking all the chains together,
Till we all become as one.
Then, oh, what a welcome greeting,
On that great eternal shore,
Knitting all the severed kinships,
Where the parting is no more.

Let us then be all united
In salvation for the dead,
And be saviors on Mount Zion
With our Master at the head;
Ready for the Bridegroom's coming,
In this last great work of love,
With our lamps trimmed well and burning
When he comes from courts above.



Left; Mrs. Silas Richards; center: The first tree planted in Union; right: Mr. Charles Sharp.

Fort Union

By *George Lee Sharp*

If you should motor to the countryside, some ten miles south and east of Salt Lake City, you would come upon a quiet and unobtrusive settlement, old, retired and quaint. This place you will find, upon inquiry, to be Fort Union, a relic of the "Mormon" settlements encouraged by Brigham Young during the period of expansion.

As you motor along a winding, dusty roadway, fringed with cottonwoods and willows, and sometimes not fringed at all, the tinkle of cow bells, drifting softly from the neighboring pastures, will reach your ears and cause you to gaze into the distance towards the meadows. You would see as you gazed, fields of waving grain enclosed with willow fences and dotted here and there with buildings and lively farmyards.

Beyond the meadowlands, encircling the little valley, you would see a series of gently rolling hills. Then as you crossed the many gurgling streams of water, heard the songs of myriads of birds, saw the groups of sheltering trees and the buildings of the goodly farmers, adding a touch of civilization to it all, you would be reminded of Sleepy Hollow, only, of course, you would not see the shimmering Hudson in the distance nor the cozy farmhouse of Van Tassel.

You would ride thus for some time, drinking in the untiring landscape, until not far in the distance you would sight a grove of stately poplars towering high above a group of build-

ings. Upon closer observation you would notice a square brick church, a tiny store, and an amusement hall of goodly proportions. Then if you said to yourself, "This is the heart of Union," you would have spoken wisely.

The history of Union may not differ greatly from the history of other early settlements, but inasmuch as Union is typically pioneer in its foundation and development, a brief sketch may recall to mind the great work of our forefathers in the making of the land of Zion.

I visited the site of the old stockade, formerly known as Fort Union, while seeking direct information on typical "Mormon" pioneer landmarks, and from some of the gray-haired pioneers I obtained an account of the founding, growth and expansion of the settlement.

Not long after the arrival of the pioneers in Salt Lake Valley, Brigham Young saw the necessity of expansion. Families were, therefore, sent into the outlying districts to make their homes and to till the soil, and it was partly the response to this call for new settlements that led to the founding of Union, now containing a population of about 500.

Some of the most notable settlers in the upbuilding of the colony were: Elijah Cox, Robert Pate, Silas Richards, Rufus Forbush and his father, Thomas Ferry, Thomas Smart, and Warren Foote. Several families moved to the place and took unto themselves the task of making the soil productive. Things were progressing at a rapid rate when the famous Walker Indian War began, stopping the work of industry for the more pressing task of providing protection.

Orders were sent out for the "Mormons" to construct forts to afford protection from the marauding Indians, and so it was that Fort Union came to be built.

Every able-bodied man put much of his time into building the fort walls, which were made of adobes, rock, and mud plaster. The walls were twelve feet high, four feet thick at the bottom, and two feet thick at the top. The ten acre tract of land on which the stockade stood was given by Warren Foote, one of the early settlers.

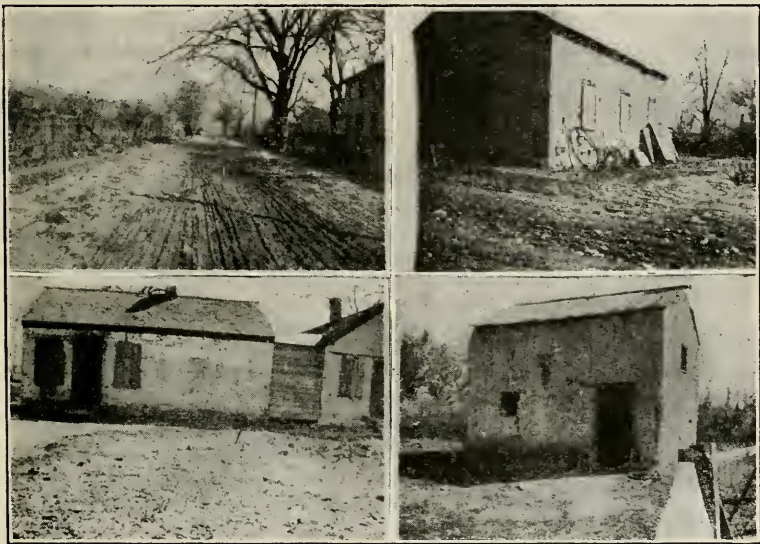
Inside the fort ran a clear mountain stream which furnished a constant supply of water to the pioneers, in case they were forced to occupy the stockade. A road, running east and west, was constructed, this being the only road in the fort.

It was after these details had been completed that the people set about to build a meeting house where they could go to church, have school, and present entertainments. The meeting

house, when completed was about twenty by thirty-five feet, and was constructed of adobes.

Silas Richards was the first bishop and also the first school teacher. His counselors in Church affairs were a Mr. Wilson and William Smith, Mr. Clements acted as clerk, this office being filled later by Charles Sharp, in 1861. Bishop Richards was also made justice of the peace and filled the position of postmaster.

Union was by this time becoming almost independent. The stockade included a blacksmith shop owned by Charles Nolan; a carpenter shop conducted by Charles Pulsifer, and a store erected in one corner of the fort and managed by Mr. Proctor.



Top left: The old Fort road. Right: The first meeting house; Bottom, left: The oldest house in Union; the oldest stable in Union.

Advancing still further along the lines of trades some of the men went as far as to construct and operate a molasses mill some distance from the fort. A grist mill was also built, located to the southeast of the fort wall. Primitive sawmills came into operation, and shingles began to replace the earth-covered roofs used up to this time.

When rumors were rife that Johnston's army was on its way to Deseret, many of the settlers moved southward, some of the prominent families going to St. George. This movement was from 1857 to 1858.

The Indian troubles passed, leaving Union unmolested.

The people spread out to settle on the adjoining fertile lands, and the old fort was abandoned. Farming was then, as now, the chief occupation of the settlers, the rich loamy soil, the abundance of water, and the ideal climatic conditions being encouraging, indeed, to agricultural pursuits.

We pass briefly over the founding and growth of Fort Union. It is not in the least unusual or striking, but when coupled with a visit to the old landmarks it arouses in one that deep feeling of wonderment and respect for the trailbreakers of Utah. Even as we glance over the scenes, near and far, we realize that although the inhabitants have spread out and cultivated the soil, Union, for some unknown reason, has retained the elements of unspoiled nature, the atmosphere of quiet and wilderness. Perhaps it is destined to live quietly on—a relic of the times when the sound of the warwhoop mingled with the voice of prayer.

Sandy, Utah, R. D. No. 1.

The Goal

My boy, for what goal are you aiming?
 The top of some high mountain peak?
 Do you find the path rugged and rocky?
 Does your heart grow weary, your body grow weak?
 Look forward and upward! Go onward!
 Do not glance back with sighs of regret.
 The view from the top is worth striving for.
 Without trying, you never can get
 To the land of a true heart's desire,
 To the goal honest manhood should set.

Do you wish the respect of the noble?
 True friendship of men do you seek?
 Do the mockings and jeers of the idle
 Make your journey seem useless, your purpose seem weak?
 Look forward and upward! Go onward!
 Do not quit when the goal is in sight.
 The view from the top is worth striving for.
 Keep trying with all of your might
 For the things you want, and are working for.
 Keep on and you will win the fight.

Does the task you are doing seem irksome?
 The work of each day commonplace?
 Are you trying with earnest endeavor,
 To climb to the top, and there for yourself make a place?
 Look forward and upward! Go onward!
 By shirking you never can win.
 The things you will gain are worth striving for.
 Push cheerfully onward, and then
 You will find that which you most value:
 The love and respect of your fellow men.

Drab and Rose

By Elsie C. Carroll

Martha tried to keep her gaze upon the magazine she was pretending to read, but in spite of her efforts her hungry eyes kept stealing furtively to the opposite side of the room. She felt that Mr. Kerr had been provoked at finding her there, and although Mrs. Kerr had explained so sweetly all about the wreck which had overcrowded the wards and made it necessary to double up in all parts of the hospital, and had even said she was delighted to have Martha with her for company, Martha still felt uncomfortably out of place and almost longed for the monotony of the gray walls and long rows of white beds of the ward.

But it was not alone the feeling that she was an intruder, now, during the visiting period, that was troubling her. The accumulated impressions of the day were becoming merged with vague longings of a lifetime and from the confusion shadowy ghosts were beginning to form and torment her.

What a straight, athletic figure Mr. Kerr had! Martha's eye took in the well-proportioned lines of the man bending solicitously over the pink negligee figure on the opposite bed, and her ear caught the gentle flow of soft love-words. Her subconscious mind complained that Sam's shoulders were too high and that his neck was brown and creased and that he was not particular about keeping his hair trimmed about his ears. And Sam's voice was loud. She could not imagine him speaking in softened tones like Mr. Kerr was using—nor putting his cheek against her hair, nor playfully biting her fingertips.

Resolutely she pulled her eyes from the distracting picture and they fell upon the hands that held the magazine before her face.

Her fingertips! Who would want to kiss them? They were blunt and her knuckles had been made large by hard work. She contrasted them mentally with Mrs. Kerr's soft, delicate, tapering hands. Then she went on with that mental comparison. Without looking into a mirror she could see her own hair drawn straight back from her temples; Mrs. Kerr's, only a slightly darker brown, was fluffed about her face as Martha used to fluff hers when there had been more time—and when she had felt than Sam liked it that way. She looked at the plain long

sleeve of her coarse white night-gown and contrasted it with the shimmering pink silk of Mrs. Kerr's richly embroidered dressing robe.

A wave of revulsion swept over her. Why was it that some lives were all drab and others all a rosy hue? She closed her eyes and her lips tightened. For a moment she forgot the white bed, the bowls of flowers, the beautiful woman and the caressing man across the room. She was seeing the drab years that stretched back like a dull road from the present to the rose-colored dreams of her girlhood days. Here was a couple almost as old as she and Sam and they had kept the rosy path.

"We'll put part of these flowers on your dresser." Martha was recalled by the slow gentle voice she had been trying not to hear. "Birdie tells me your hubby hasn't been in yet today and that they didn't move your flowers." Martha's thin cheeks flushed.

"No—Sam—Mr. Graham must have—been detained." She tried to imagine Sam arranging flowers at her bedside. The effort was ridiculous. Not that Sam was unkind—

Intuitively Martha knew that Mr. Kerr had visited his wife that morning before she had been moved in, and that he would come again during the visiting hours in the evening, and that he would come every day.

Suddenly a fierce determination seized her that this man and woman should not know that Sam came to see her only twice a week—Wednesdays when he came in for supplies, and Sunday afternoons—that they should not know how drab and barren her life was.

Mr. Kerr was speaking again in that soft, fascinating tone.

"Poor chap! One morning I couldn't make it and it seemed an age before two o'clock. I don't see why these hospitals have such unreasonable regulations. Well, goodbye. It won't be long until six. Glad you're here to keep Birdie company." Mr. Kerr's handsome head bent gallantly toward her for a moment, and then gaily blowing a kiss to his wife he was gone.

"I believe it is harder on these foolish husbands than it is on us—these operations," sighed Mrs. Kerr with a smile. "At least Reggie declares it is. Poor boy! He's wretched now because he can't find anything new to bring me. You see I've been here nearly a month. He's been so good and attentive." The grateful smile was still playing on her face.

The bitter resentment and vague longings that had been gathering in Martha Graham's breast broke into a kind of wild fury. Why couldn't she wear silk underwear and keep her

hands soft and white and have flowers. Perhaps she and Sam were not as wealthy as the Kerrs, but Sam's yearly income was around the \$10,000 mark—and she— Again her eyes fell on the coarse sleeve of her gown and on her blunt fingers.

Martha saw Mrs. Kerr snuggle down comfortably for a nap and she was glad.

All her life she had longed for beautiful things but never so poignantly as now. Perhaps it was the weakness from her recent operation that made her susceptible to this overwhelming self-pity and resentment.

Suddenly she reached under the pillow and drew out the check Sam had given her the day before to pay her two weeks' hospital bill. In the excitement following the wreck she had forgotten to pay it. She held it in her blunt fingers now looking at the angular characters of Sam's well-known hand writing. Fifty dollars. The fever of her recent determination was still burning. Her hands trembled, but her resolve was firm. Fifty dollars wasn't much, but it would help—Mr. Kerr should not know.

Her pale cheeks were flushed in guilty excitement as the wild plan took more definite form. Her methodical mind looking ahead as was its wont, suggested consequences which would have to be met, but grimly she pushed the troublesome warnings aside and touched the signal for a nurse.

She was glad Miss Monson answered the summons. Miss Monson always moved so quietly; she did not even disturb Mrs. Kerr's nap now.

Martha spoke in a hurried whisper and though the nurse's countenance betrayed some surprise, she showed no other sign, as Sam's check and a hurriedly scrawled list were pressed into her hands.

When Mrs. Kerr was brought in from the sun-parlor late that afternoon she found a transformed room-mate. Martha, in a sky-blue lounging robe which revealed glimpses of an amber-colored crepe-de-chene gown, with hair fluffed in soft waves about her face, was arranging a bunch of American beauties in a vase on the stand. Two fresh magazines lay on the bed and a canary twittered in a gilded cage at the window.

"I—I thought I—might as well have—some of my things brought in," Martha ventured in response to Mrs. Kerr's look of surprise.

"There—wasn't a private room—when I came and there isn't much room in the wards." She flushed at the unaccustomed deceit.

"You look very pretty," Mrs. Kerr commented in a tone that struck Martha as queer.

"Did they let your husband in before hours?"

"No—no—a friend—you see Sam—Mr. Graham has—been called away on—important business and won't be back until Sunday—so he had the things brought."

"And you won't see him until Sunday? You poor girl." Martha was grateful for the interruption of Mr. Kerr's entrance at this point.

The next morning the nurse brought in fresh flowers for Martha's table and in the afternoon a box of delectable dainties.

The women whiled away the time between visiting hours by exchanging confidences. Martha had learned to her great relief that Mrs. Kerr was to leave the hospital Sunday morning. Sam wouldn't be there until two in the afternoon. That is why she dared go on with her fantastic fabrications. Her mind refused to consider the day of reckoning.

"I do hope your husband comes before I leave," confided Mrs. Kerr. "I always adored the name Sam. It sounds so good and substantial. I've always felt," she continued more slowly and with unusual seriousness, "that if Reggie's name were only Sam or David or Henry—I—I shouldn't have to—worry about some of the—things I do." Her voice trailed away into pathetic wistfulness.

Martha looked up in questioning amaze. Could it be possible that Mrs. Kerr had anything to worry about—surrounded always by beautiful things; going always to beautiful places and having love made to her in such a beautiful way by a man always well-groomed and handsome?

Yes, Sam was substantial! Martha felt a queer little twinge. Substantial—that was the trouble. He was like the stable bed-rock of a stream. She wanted some of the beautiful spray and foam of life as well.

"He—he may not get here until the afternoon or evening visiting hours." A little panic swept over her at the thought of the possibility of Sam's coming early, or of Mrs. Kerr's being detained.

Saturday afternoon, Mr. Kerr did not arrive until near the end of the visiting period. Even Martha detected a change in him. He was unusually preoccupied and quiet.

Martha as usual tried to keep her attention on her magazine in order to give the couple as much privacy as possible, but she could not fail to detect Mrs. Kerr's concern over her husband's changed manner. When the time came for him to go Martha saw her clinging to him and pleading with him to come

early in the evening and to be sure to have everything ready for her departure the next morning.

He promised mechanically, Martha thought, and seemed less reluctant to leave than on former occasions.

"I'm glad Birdie has such good company," he said cheerfully to her as he passed, but he seemed to be thinking of something else. She couldn't help wondering what it all meant, particularly when, after he had gone Mrs. Kerr turned her face to the wall and Martha knew by the heaving of her shoulders that she was weeping.

When the evening visiting hours came round, Martha noticed that Mrs. Kerr was keenly alert. Every time a step sounded on the stair or in the hall her eyes were turned expectantly toward the door. But the minutes dragged by and Mr. Kerr did not appear.

Martha tried to keep up a lively flow of talk to ease the growing strain, but she was filled with curiosity and increasing pity for her companion.

With colorful detail she was describing the boudoir in her home (the home her mind and tongue had builded during the past few days) when Mrs. Kerr suddenly gave a hysterical little shriek.

"Can't you see I don't care a rap about your Inglenook and Sam's den when I'm frantic about Reggie's not coming?" Martha's sympathetic eyes turned to the frightened, stricken face now, freed from all pretense.

"He's probably been detained by important business," she tried to console.

"Business!" Mrs. Kerr's tone was high and hard. "You don't know Reggie. He never had any important business in his life. He has always lived on luck. O, I knew things would go wrong again if I had to stay here long. Reggie means all right, but he won't look at life seriously. All he cares about is surface glitter. That is what I meant when I said I wished his name was Sam or David or Henry. Of course I know it would take more than a name to change Reggie—but O, I'm so sick of sham and sponging and pretense and never tasting the real things of life." She grew more vehement as she continued. "I'd love the drudgery of a farmhouse and the care of children and the feeling of actually belonging somewhere." We are tossed here and there by circumstances. Sometimes we have a little money but it is always spent for show, and Reggie—O, I'm an ungrateful wretch to tell you all this when you have seen what a dear he can be—but I've got to tell someone—Reggie just can't keep out of difficulties. Sometimes it's drink—sometimes it's gambling and—twice it's—been—other women."

"Oh!" Martha gave a hurt groan. Instantly she thought of Sam—big—shoulders too high—neck brown and creased and hair growing carelessly about his ears, but there seemed a sort of halo about him now. With sickening self-scorn her eyes fell on the rich lounging robe thrown across the foot of her bed. And Sam had been saving to buy the section of land joining their upper forty. The sound of Mrs. Kerr's hysterical sobbing came to her but vaguely through the storm of self accusation that was sweeping over her. She should like to weep too, but her throat was dry and burning. Besides she felt that she did not deserve the relief of tears.

The next morning, though Mrs. Kerr was white and wasted and the nurses tried to persuade her to delay her departure until the afternoon or until her husband should come for her, she insisted on being taken to her apartments in the hospital ambulance.

When she bade Martha goodby she clung to her hand as a child might have done.

"You'll forget the foolish things I said last night. I do get to feeling that way sometimes, but of course I'm just as bad as Reggie and I don't suppose I'm capable of living a real life any more than he is. It will keep on being just glitter and show with us to the end I suppose, but I wish—you—you'll think I'm crazy to ask it—but I—I wonder if you would give me that plain little night-dress you wore the day they moved you in here. You looked—so sweet—and genuine—and womanly and—"

Martha looked at her a moment unbelieving, then a crimson flood swept her face. She wondered just how much of her deceit the other woman had discerned. A look of sympathetic understanding finally passed between the two pairs of eyes and Martha pressed the slim soft hand that clung to her coarser one.

"When I get home I'll send it to you," she faltered, "but—I couldn't spare it now."

When it was time for Sam to come the only evidence of Martha's three-day venture into rose-hued life was a large box under the bed, a canary in the window farthest from her side of the room and a bunch of drooping roses on the table.

She was gazing contritely at the long sleeve of her white night-gown, wondering just how she could tell him, when she heard Sam's familiar step.

"We moved her in with Mrs. Kerr after the wreck," she heard a nurse explaining and then the door opened.

"Well, well, old girl, how are we today?" Sam's big voice

boomed as he came toward the bed. How like heavenly music that well-known greeting was and how dear was the awkward movement of his high shoulders as he bent to kiss her. She reached up her arms and clasped his neck—brown and creased—and her blunt fingers stole caressingly to the straggling ends of hair about his ears and then to the surprise of them both Martha burst into tears.

"Why—why what's the matter, girl?" Sam soothed clumsily.

"O, Sam, I'm—a wic-ke-d woman. I've done—something—dreadful."

He looked at her reassuringly.

"I guess nothing so very dreadful," he insisted calmly. "Tell me all about it." She looked up, grateful tears still streaming from her eyes. How much more comforting was a real rock like Sam to cling to than the uncertain spray and foam she had craved.

And then with downcast eyes and occasional sobs she made her pitiful little confession.

"But I'll never feel that way again, Sam. I was bitter because our life seemed so—so drab—but O, I like drab better than—rose."

"How would a little rose trimming be?" Sam asked a bit huskily and drawing the box from beneath the bed he took out the gorgeous lounging robe and held it for her to slip into.

"Get into this and I'll order up a little lunch from the caterers across the street. We'll eat over by that window where we can watch the canary while he serenades us."

Provo, Utah

View Points

If I could scale the walls of an ivy-twined tower
 And should stand on its highest projection
 Blowing a rainbow-tinted trumpet,
 I'd attract the attention of the populace.
 Then, from my lofty height, I'd sing
 About the bit of heaven in your starry eyes,
 The pink of the shell in your rounded cheek.
 I'd sing of the gold in your silken hair
 And of your dimpled form so fair.

But

There are no ivy-twined walls for me to climb,
 No rainbow-tinted trumpet for me to blow,
 And, were such things possible,
 The common mob would nudge each other,
 Smile and say: "A foolish mother."

San Diego, California

D. C. Retsloff

The Winding Path in Nature

By D. C. Retsloff

Have you ever left the wide open highway to follow a winding path? A little, narrow, half overgrown path, twisting between granite boulders, running under overhanging branches, winding around sharp ledges and dipping into grassy hollows? A little old crooked path that ends you know not where, but whose every abrupt jog gives delight to both mind and eye?

The straight road with its end plainly in view, has nothing in common with the crooked path hiding a surprise at every turn.

The winding path, the crooked path, is full of expectations and bristles on every side with hints of curiosities. It leads to sylvan dells where musical brooks tinkle, where birds carol, grasses nod, and flowers bloom all undisturbed.

The more overgrown—the more rock strewn, the greater the pleasure in pursuit and the keener the desire to follow its windings.

What is just beyond the point around which the path disappears? What is on the other side of the pebbly brook, which you cross on half submerged stepping stones, to follow its crooked wanderings?

What tales of adventure, romance and heartache the winding path could tell. It may follow the rugged contour of the land and end in a lone canyon at the sunken shaft of an abandoned mine. It may follow the meandering banks of a purring stream to a patch of timber and the deserted cabin of a homesteader. It may even pass the cabin and end on the hillside, at a rude fence whose hand-split weathered pickets bravely protect, though long years have passed, the little mound of red brown earth, from the hoofs of cattle that sometimes range the hills.

The lure of the winding path is far greater than that of the paved highway. The smooth road speaks of easy grades. It speaks of speed and the effort to get to a given point at a given time.

The crooked path whispers gently, softly, low, of peace and repose. Most of us hurry through life. We rush madly here and there, stopping only long enough to gather breath for the

next wild dash that leads to fagged brains, nervous disorders, bucking stomachs and soured dispositions.

Let us forget the wide, paved highway. Let us leave cares and worries behind. Let us follow the overgrown windings of the winding path. Let maple leaves or pine needles make our mattress. Let the smell of a camp fire permeate our clothing. Let God and Nature show us the sweetness of the early morning; the beauty of the evening sunset and the wonders of the star-studded night. Let us Gypsy for a month or even a day and then count how much of heaven we've found by following a winding path.

San Diego, Calif.

Utah

Land of the golden sunrise,
Land of the snow-crowned heights,
Land of the blue bird's message,
And the rippling stream's delights;
Land where the breeze is laden
With the boon of joyous health,
Land where the hills are teeming
With treasures of unmined wealth.

Land that the hand of Nature
Has molded well and strong,
And there with her potent chisel,
Has carved a name that long
Shall praise her and proclaim her
The master soul of Art;
Land, my land of Utah!
Where the sparkling rivers start
From springs of pristine pureness,
Set deep in Nature's heart!

Land of the purple vintage
With its banishment of thorns,
Land of the bounteous harvest,
Of wheat and fruits and corn;
Land of the many handicrafts,
Utah, the land of song,
Of sculptor, painter, writer—
Utah, where all day long,
Like the bee, mankind is working,
To make the hive more great,
For who, with a thought of shirking,
Can build up any state?

Land of the mighty canyons,
Whose wonders e'er increase,
Where the majesty of mountains
Bids the world-worn man to cease

From his toil of worthless striving,
And points to the higher goal,
That in seeking for attainment,
Shall exalt him, mind and soul.

Land of the sego lily,
With its promise of peace,
Land where the search for knowledge,
Knows no limit nor surcease;
Land of those vast cathedrals
Never hewn by mortal hand,
Where before the Master Teacher,
Each receptive soul may stand
And be filled with inspiration
Not obtained from man's word hoard,
Being taught the law as Moses,
Truth and wisdom from the Lord.

Land of Utah, how I love thee!
Mountains, vales and inland sea,
Rocks and brushwood, birds and blossoms,
Are all dear, most dear to me!

Provo, Utah.

Grace Ingles Frost.

Sunflower Roads

By Della Morrell

Very often, in literature, we find reference made to the "Mormon" people. The following paragraph is taken from *My Antonia*, by Willa Sibert Cather. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) It is the story of a Bohemian girl, who, with her family, gave up a comfortable home in the old country for the struggle with a desolate farm in Nebraska. The tale is told by Antonia's friend, Jim Burden. There seems to be no other knowledge of this story, but regardless of that, the sheer beauty of the thought should appeal to every Latter-day Saint.

"I remember that first glorious autumn. The new country lay open before me, there were no fences in those days, and I could choose my own way over the grass uplands, trusting the pony to get me home again. Sometimes I followed the sunflower-bordered roads. Fuchs told me that the sunflowers were introduced into that country by the 'Mormons'; that at the time of the persecution, when they left Missouri and struck out into the wilderness to find a place where they could worship God in their own way, the members of the first exploring party, crossing the plains to Utah, scattered sunflower seeds as they went. The next summer, when the long trains of wagons came through with all the women and children, they had the sunflower trail to follow. I believe that botanists do not confirm his story, but insist that the sunflower was a native of those plains. Nevertheless that legend has stuck in my mind, and sunflower-bordered roads always seem to me the roads to freedom."

Logan, Utah.

Prophets, Pioneers and Problems*

By President Anthony W. Ivins

["I wish you would keep sermons out of the *Improvement Era*," said a progressive young man to the Editor, "they are too dry; give us some live matter." But yet, here we are printing another sermon. Why? Because it presents some questions, answers to which every young man should have at his tongue's end, and be able to express his thoughts upon them without hesitation. A test has been made upon several intelligent young men on the questions here presented and answered. The hesitating and incorrect replies received, convince the editors that our young people need just such a sermon as this. Intelligent replies should be made by all members of the Church to such common, yet vital, present-day questions and problems as these: Name all the presidents of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in their order, and state the specific accomplishment which marked each administration. What characterized the Pioneer epoch? Compare the journey of modern Israel with that of ancient Israel. What are the main responsibilities of the Church? How are the Latter-day Saints meeting them? What are the most pressing problems confronting the nation? How does the Church stand on the matter of their solution? How about your faith and work in helping to solve them? It is our hope that every young man will read and study this sermon and answer these questions.—Editors]

"As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return to me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereunto I send it."

THE NATURE OF THIS CONFERENCE

The President announced, in his opening remarks, that ninety-two years have elapsed since the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which occurred on the sixth of April, 1830.

At the time of the organization, the Lord revealed, in connection with other regulations for the government of the Church, that general conferences should convene, from time to time, as the requirements of the Church might make them necessary. Since that time it has been customary, when circumstances have not prevented, for the members to meet together in general conference on the sixth of April.

This is a meeting to which officers of the Church, both general and local, are expected to be present, as well as those of the members who can conveniently attend. The general condition of the Church

* An address delivered at the 92nd Annual Conference of the Church.

is considered, its progress noted, the past reviewed, the problems of the present discussed and aspirations for the future outlined, as the Lord may prompt his servants, who are called to address the people, to treat these various topics.

ADMINISTRATION EPOCHS OF THE CHURCH

Since the organization of the Church, six men, exclusive of the present administration, have been called to preside over it, to direct its policy, and stand as the mouth-piece of the Lord to its members.

The administration of each of these men marks an epoch in the development of the Church, each as distinct from the other, as was the character and temperament of the man who administered its affairs.

Joseph Smith was the first man called of the Lord to preside over the Church in this dispensation. Moroni, a messenger sent to communicate the will of the Lord to the Prophet, after his first great vision, declared to Joseph that the Lord had chosen him for the accomplishment of a special work; that as a result of that work his name would be known for good and evil among all nations, that by some it would be held in honor, and among others in reproach.

THE EPOCH OF RESTORATION

Referring to the opening of the present gospel dispensation Isaiah, the Prophet, from whom I have just quoted, said: "For as much as this people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their heart far from me, and their fear toward me is taught by the precepts of men; therefore, behold, I will proceed to do a marvelous work among this people, even a marvelous work and a wonder; for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid."

Joseph Smith lived to fulfil the words spoken by the angel Moroni, and by the Lord through His prophet Isaiah.

The administration of the Prophet may be referred to as the epoch, or period of restoration. Line upon line, precept upon precept, the Lord revealed to him, and restored through him, the keys and order of the Priesthood, the organization of the Church, and defined the duties of its members with such fulness that nothing is lacking. The keys of the gathering of Latter-day Israel were restored, as well as those making possible the redemption of the dead.

His entire administration was characterized by bitter persecution. In vain he sought a home for the gathered Saints. At Kirtland there was no peace. In Missouri, where the people hoped to find a resting place, persecution was more bitter than before.

For a brief period the Church found peace and rest in Illinois, but just when its members began to reap the fruits of their labors, after infinite sacrifice, the vials of wrath were poured out upon them with greater violence than ever before, and the destruction of the Church was threatened.

With the martyrdom of Joseph the enemies of the Church undoubtedly thought that this had been accomplished. They overlooked the fact that the Lord had said that the works, and designs and purposes of the Lord cannot be frustrated, but that the designs of men fail.

With the death of the prophet the Church was left without a direct leader, but not without leadership. Joseph Smith was surrounded by men of powerful intellect, devoted faith, and unsurpassed courage, as clearly fore-ordained for the accomplishment of the task before them, as was the prophet himself.

THE PIONEER EPOCH

From among these men Brigham Young was chosen to be the president of the Church, to direct its policy, under circumstances entirely different from those which confronted his predecessor.

Recognizing the hopelessness of reconciliation with their neighbors, determined to find a place where the Saints could worship the Lord without molestation, this modern Moses and his associates turned their faces westward, and after a journey unparalleled in the history of the world found asylum in these mountain valleys, where the body of the Church now resides.

PARALLEL BETWEEN THE JOURNEY OF MODERN AND ANCIENT ISRAEL

It is true that Moses led the Israelites out from the Egyptian captivity; the Puritans had left their homes in the old world and landed at Plymouth Rock.

The impulse which prompted each of these great movements, which have meant so much to the world and its people, were similar, but the circumstances under which they were accomplished entirely different.

The Israelites were going out from a grievous and humiliating bondage, and returning to their old home, in the land of their fathers. Modern Israel were leaving their homes, the lands of their fathers, and were going into a country unknown to them, a country uninhabited by civilized man.

The Israelites were a people of one race, influenced in the accomplishment of their purpose by the traditions and religion of their fathers. The Latter-day Saints were composed of people gathered from various nations, bringing with them different traditions, different customs and different languages.

Ancient Israel was separated from their destination by only

about two hundred and fifty miles, in a direct line, and that over a country where great armies have marched from remote times. The "Mormon" Pioneers traveled over a road where few had gone before, a distance of more than a thousand miles.

Ancient Israel were led by great ocular demonstrations of the power of the Lord, and their daily bread was provided by manna sent down from heaven. The "Mormon" Pioneers walked by divine faith, and provided for their daily necessities with the labor of their own hands.

Reaching their destination Ancient Israel found cities already built, orchards and vineyards already planted, and flocks and herds which the Lord delivered into their hands. Modern Israel found a desert waste, which could only be redeemed, and made productive by infinite toil.

So, I feel justified in saying that this accomplishment has no parallel in the history of the world.

With the arrival of the "Mormon" Pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley the wisdom, intelligence and vision of their great leader was manifested. The earth, said Brigham Young, is the most sacred heritage which God has bequeathed to man. From it he obtains all that he possesses that is worth while, and when his mortal life is finished he returns to its bosom. Do not, he pleaded, be deceived by the lure of gold in California, nor by the precious minerals which abound in the mountains surrounding this valley, but secure and hold the land. It is the heritage which the Lord has held in reserve for you and your children, and must never be permitted to pass into the hands of strangers.

The Saints were gathered from abroad, colonists were sent out until every available valley was occupied, towns and villages sprang up in desert places, factories, mills, the trades and industries were established and fostered, and the people made as nearly independent and self-sustaining as possible under the circumstances which prevailed.

Such was the administration of President Brigham Young. Its outstanding accomplishment was the hegira of the "Mormon" people from Illinois to the Rocky Mountains, the gathering of the Saints from abroad, and the colonization and redemption of these mountain valleys. To me it has always been the great gathering, colonization, and industrial epoch in the history of the Church. There has never been an epoch like unto it in the past, there will be none like it in the future.

AN EPOCH OF STORM

The administration of John Taylor followed that of President Young.

During the former administration storm clouds had again

gathered, which broke with great fury soon after John Taylor assumed the presidency. The Church and the world were again at variance, as they have always been, and must continue to be until the doctrines taught by the Redeemer are accepted and applied.

The marital relations of members of the Church were made the pretext for assault. Plural marriage, under certain restrictions, had been accepted as a proper relation of sexes. Laws were enacted by the congress prohibiting such marriages, and providing punishment for those who persisted in the practice. Prosecutions for violations of the law were frequent, the property of the Church was escheated to the Government, resulting in great suffering and financial loss.

The laws prohibiting plural marriage were regarded as unconstitutional and unjust by the Church, and their execution was bitterly opposed. Suits were carried to the Supreme Court, which upheld the law, and more vigorous steps were taken to enforce it. While this storm raged John Taylor stood immovable in his conviction that the anti-polygamy law was unjust, and died without making any concession. This was the outstanding feature of his administration.

THE MANIFESTO FORBIDDING PLURAL MARRIAGE

During the early part of the administration of Wilford Woodruff, who succeeded John Taylor as president of the Church, the contention which had been brought on because of the enforcement of the anti-polygamy laws continued. It became evident that every available legal means had been exhausted, and that to continue the struggle longer would be useless and disastrous. In a revelation given to the Church, in 1841, the Lord had said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you: That when I give a commandment to any of the sons of men, to do a work unto my name, and those sons of men go with all their might, and with all they have, to perform that work, and cease not their diligence, and their enemies come upon them, and hinder them from performing that work; behold, it behooveth me to require that work no more at the hands of those sons of men, but to accept of their offering."

President Woodruff issued the declaration known as the Manifesto, in which he pledged himself to abide by the law, and advised all members of the Church to do likewise.

This changed attitude of the Church, in regard to plural marriage, resulted in the restoration of the remnant of property, which had been in the hands of the receiver, to the rightful owner. Men who had been disfranchised, because of their marital relations, were restored to full citizenship, Utah was admitted to the Union as a sovereign state, and comparative peace established between

hitherto warring factions. It was an epoch of great importance and concern to the Church.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION FOR FINANCIAL PROSPERITY

When Lorenzo Snow succeeded to the Presidency he found the finances of the Church in a deplorable condition. As a result of the receivership the revenues had been cut off, its resources greatly depleted, and heavy obligations had been incurred, with no available means for liquidation. He at once entered upon the work of reconstruction, appealed to the people to be more liberal in the payment of their tithes and offerings, and promised that the burden which rested so heavily upon the Church, and upon them, would be lifted if this course were pursued.

During his short administration many of the debts of the Church were paid, and the foundation was laid for the financial prosperity which was to follow.

BUSINESS EXPANSION AND FREEDOM FROM DEBT

The administration of President Joseph F. Smith was ushered in under more favorable circumstances, in many respects, than any which preceded it. As a result of his liberal and wise policy, the political animosities which had long obstructed the proper development of both the Church and State were adjusted. Better feeling and closer business relations were established between members and non-members of the Church. Through his wise and conservative business policy the obligations of the Church were liquidated, until it was entirely free from debt. Financial prosperity came to the Church and its members. Many new buildings were erected, including office buildings, amusement halls, gymnasiums, schools, churches and temples. It was a period of peaceful relations with our neighbors, business expansion, and general prosperity the like of which the Church had never before experienced.

PREACHING THE GOSPEL—THE MAIN RESPONSIBILITY ALWAYS BORNE IN MIND

During the entire period to which I have referred the first great responsibility resting upon the Church had not for a moment been forgotten, nor neglected. When asked by His disciples for a sign by which they might recognize the approach of the time when He would come in power and glory in the latter days, the Redeemer said, among other things: "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, as a witness to every creature, and then shall the end come." In a revelation given to the Church, at a very early day, the Lord said: "This gospel shall be preached to every nation, kindred, tongue and people, and the servants of the Lord shall go forth saying in a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment has come, and

worship Him that made the heavens and the earth, the sea, and the fountains of water."

While in poverty and distress, in the midst of persecution, or when blessed with peace and plenty, the Church has not for a moment neglected this first great command. Its missionaries have gone into every civilized country of the world, where entrance was permitted, bearing witness to the people that a light had broken forth among those who sit in darkness, which was the fulness of the everlasting gospel, and warning the people to prepare the way of the Lord, and make straight His paths, that they might be prepared for His kingdom and coming.

MAGNITUDE OF MISSIONARY WORK

I have no means by which I can definitely state the number of missionaries who have gone into the field, since the organization of the Church, or the number of years of missionary work which has been given, but taking the record of the past twenty years, during which period we have kept accurate records, and making a very low estimate, the result would be about as follows: Sixty thousand and eighty men have gone to the mission fields, we think many more. It has cost, to send these elders to their fields of labor, and bring them back to their homes, at least six millions of dollars. The expense of keeping them in the field has not been less than eighteen millions of dollars. Counting their earning capacity, again a very low estimate, at seventy-five dollars per month, would amount to fifty-four millions of dollars, so we have a total of seventy-eight millions of dollars, which have been expended, in time and money, by the elders of the Church, in carrying the gospel message to the people of the world since the organization of the Church. When it is considered that all of this time and money has been given without compensation, the men who have accomplished the work having paid their own expenses, I feel justified in saying that it is an accomplishment which cannot be duplicated in the history of the world.

When it is remembered that these missionaries have been, in the great majority of cases, young men taken from the farms, the work shops, the trades and industries, without previous training or experience, we exclaim, with Isaiah, a marvelous work and a wonder has been accomplished, for the wisdom of the wise has perished, and the understanding of the prudent has been hid. During the past ninety-two years the wise and learned of the world have combatted these unlearned men, and have never proved them wrong in a single doctrine which they have taught.

HOME OCCUPATIONS OF MISSIONARIES

It may be interesting to you, my brethren and sisters, to know

that during the past ten years, since accurate statistics have been kept, the following have been the occupations of the men who have gone into the mission field: There have been of artisans and tradesmen, 4 per cent; of men engaged in clerical work, 8.5 per cent; professional men 5.7 per cent; engaged in mercantile pursuits; 4 per cent; laborers, 8.3 per cent; not classified, 17.5 per cent; farmers, your boys and girls from the rural districts, 52 per cent. The unclassified are largely boys just from school, many of them from the rural districts, showing that a majority of all the missionary work done is by men from the farming communities.

THE PRESENT AND TO US MOST IMPORTANT EPOCH OF THE CHURCH

This brief review brings us to the present, to us the most important epoch in the development of the Church, because it is our day, the day when we, who are members of the Church, and who direct its affairs, are to prove ourselves. This day has never come before, it will never come again. Tomorrow the sixth of April, 1922, will have gone with its successes and failures, its accomplishments, and neglect of duty, and can never be recalled.

The past is of inestimable worth to us, provided we profit by the lessons which it teaches. The future, in so far as the Lord has revealed it, through his servants the prophets, is a sure guide by which we may prepare for coming events. The present is the day of our probation. Will we be equal to the tasks and responsibilities which are to come, the test which is to be applied? If we put our trust in the Lord, and devotedly serve Him, as our predecessors have done, we shall triumph; if we forget Him, and depend upon the arm of flesh, we shall fail, as all who have traveled down this broad road have hitherto done.

PROBLEMS CONFRONTING US DANGEROUS AND DIFFICULT

The problems with which the Church is now confronted, while differing from those of the past, are none the less dangerous and difficult of solution.

The Church is not now confronted by the problem of separation from other people, by migration to an unknown country, and the difficulties of colonization. The political differences which have divided the "Mormon" people and their fellow citizens have been largely solved.

After separating ourselves from the world, the world has come to us, bringing with it much that is good, much which is bad. One thing this changed condition has taught us: We are an integral part of the great world, and whether we desire it or not, we must be influenced, to a greater or less extent, by its environment with which we are surrounded.

That we are in a world the very foundations of which are

being shaken by the conflicting creeds, traditions, and interests of its people, none will deny.

Notwithstanding the ages of effort put forth by the churches to turn the hearts of men to the Redeemer of the world, infidelity and lack of faith are manifested everywhere. Notwithstanding our ages of endeavour to establish suitable conditions for the stability and protection of society, lawless men walk the streets of every city of our land, who rob and kill for gain, secret combinations ride and burn and destroy by night, who, if apprehended, which is rarely the case, are more seldom convicted by our courts and juries, prosecution being excessively expensive, and conviction well nigh impossible.

Notwithstanding our efforts to protect the weak against the strong, to maintain purity in our social life, to make the home the altar of God, and create through marriage a protection for virtue, which should be sacred as life itself, the statistics published by any city in our land will show that courtezans walk the streets with brazen disregard for decency, innocent girls are made the victims of libertines, who are rarely punished, and the fountains of life are corrupted with impurity.

Selfishness; ambition for wealth, which under our present system brings power; disregard for law, when it conflicts with our personal interests; the combination of wealth, through great corporate organizations, for the purpose of exercising control over the law-making bodies of our country, and the courts by which the law is administered, are among the dangers which menace the world and threaten us.

AUTHENTIC VIEWS CONCERNING THESE PROBLEMS

That I may not be accused of expressing my own views only, upon these questions, permit me to read the statements of other men. At Chicago, on the 21st of last month, Chief Justice Scanlon, in stating the purpose for which a meeting had been called, declared that it was for the purpose of discussing means to combat and throttle the hold crime has upon the throat of the city. Chief of police Fitzmorris said:

"The city is on the edge of chaos. The work of the police department is being undone as fast as the police can do it. Unless this city awakens to the emergency which confronts it, the day will come, and it is not far distant, when gun men, like Macaulay's New Zealander, will stand on Michigan Avenue bridge, and exultantly look down upon the ruins of law and order."

James A. Patten, representing the citizens committee, said:

"It is time for plain talking. The cold facts in the situation are known. Men are murdered, property destroyed, the safety and comfort of the com-

munity are in danger. The murderers are known. They are arrested, tried, and turned loose. They have no fear of the police. They sneer at the law, and make a mockery of criminal justice as it is administered in this community. This is no time for excuses or promises, it is time for action. The turning point has come, decency wins or anarchy triumphs, there is no middle course."

Senator Cummins, of Iowa, who has been for many years a member of the United States Senate, and a representative of the dominant party now in control of the government, at a meeting recently held at Des Moines, said:

"Washington is merely a place where organizations make war upon each other for selfish legislative purposes, organization has gone to such length that it is now practically impossible for congress to get an unselfish and unbiased opinion on any public question. Where are we to get at Washington, when every bit of information that comes to us is from a selfish standpoint. Down there it is simply a war between organizations. Congressional committees are constantly holding hearings upon important questions, and I have yet to hear, during this session, a single man come to a committee hearing for the purpose of enlightening the committee from the public standpoint. All come to urge something which will help the particular organization with which they are affiliated. It creates in my opinion, a very difficult and alarming situation."

Do we honor and sustain the civil law? Let one of the wisest and best informed bodies of men in the world speak upon that subject. I read from a report unanimously adopted by the Judicial section of the American Bar Association, of the United States. I clipped this from *Current Opinion*, December, 1921:

"The judicial section of the American Bar Association, venturing to speak for all the judges, wishes to express this warning to the American people. Reverence for law, and enforcement of law, depend mainly upon the ideals and customs of those who occupy the vantage ground in business and society. The people of the United States, by solemn constitutional and statutory enactment, have undertaken to suppress the age-long evil of the liquor traffic. When, for the gratification of their appetites, or the promotion of their interests, lawyers, bankers, great merchants and manufacturers, and social leaders, both men and women, disobey and scoff at this law, or any other law, they are aiding the cause of anarchy and promoting mob violence, robbery, and homicide, they are sowing dragons' teeth, and they need not be surprised when they find that no judicial or police authority can save our country, or humanity, from reaping the harvest."

HOW THE CHURCH STANDS ON THESE QUESTIONS

Against all of these evils the Church stands uncompromisingly opposed, and expects the support of every member in the battle which is being waged.

Is there a Church member who is a violator of the prohibition law, or any other civil law? Let him repent. Is there one who says the attitude of the Church is changed in relation to the observance of the law given of the Lord known as the Word of

Wisdom, or any other law given of the Lord? Let him be informed that there has been no change, unless it be that now, more than ever before, the observance of these laws is necessary. Is there one who in his own strength and pride has forgotten his dependence upon the Lord, and ceased to pray to him, and teach his children to so do. Let him repent and return to the Lord, that whether in his banking house, his store, in the work shop, while cultivating his fields, or with his flocks and herds upon the plains or mountains, his prayers, uttered or unexpressed, may ascend to the Lord in gratitude for blessings received, and others desired.

ADMONITIONS

Remember, my brethren and sisters, that the word of the Lord, which goeth forth from His mouth, shall not return unto Him void, but shall accomplish the thing whereunto He sent it, and He has declared that his Church has been established for the last time, never to be destroyed or given to other people. Let us hold fast to the rod of iron, which is the word of God, and it will lead us to the tree of life, taking us safely through this world of darkness and confusion. May the Lord help us all to this end, I humbly pray, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Message of Truth

The gospel light has come to earth,
 Its rays are spreading o'er the land,
 The message, as in days of old,
 Is carried by a chosen band.
 The servants of the Lord today,
 Are clothed with power that is divine,
 The Lord has spoken once again,
 Just as he did in ancient time.

Chorus:

Hark, Listen to the message,—
 That my servants bring to you,
 Repent and be baptized—everyone,
 The cry is going forth again,
 As it did, in ancient time,—
 A message from the Father and the Son.

This gospel call is unto you,
 So heed its warning, one and all,
 It is the truth come from above,
 The truth as taught by ancient Paul.

Again the servants of the Lord,
 Are clothed to teach the sacred word,
 A message from the courts above
 Among mankind once more is heard.

George Butler's Fourth of July

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

Tom Murphy, hailed his brother-in-law, George Butler, as he left the court room. It was the third of July and they were hurrying things up in preparations for the nation's holiday.

"Well what are you doing down here?" asked the attorney.

"Sid Pace wanted me to sign his bonds." Sid was the assistant county treasurer in whose accounts defalcations had been found.

"Well, did you?" interrogated Murphy.

"No. When I refused he asked me in an insolent way, if I was afraid of my money, that perhaps I wouldn't mind testifying as to his good character."

"How did he come to ask you?"

"Probably considered me the richest man he knew; but he said that he wanted me as an old school friend and neighbor." Butler laughed shortly.

"Come over to the club and have lunch with me and I'll tell you about what a good 'school friend and neighbor' he was."

Over the *hors d'oeuvre* Butler began: "When I was a little chap I was a lone child. Didn't even have a mother. There were five of them, Sid Pace and his brothers, and they bullied me. The night that they pushed me out of the school wagon into a frozen drain ditch I went home and blubbered to my father. He told me rather grimly that he didn't want me to bring any more complaints home. So the next day when Sid attacked me I broke my knuckles on his jaw. When I got home that night my father gave one look at my hand but said nothing. Neither did I, but he did my share of the hay pitching until the swelling subsided. So ended our school friendship."

"And the neighborliness?"

"Oh yes. In the winter when work was slack the Pace boys sat around the fire and played cards. I dug post holes in the snow until my hands bled. The winter of the terrible blizzard when the feed gave out and we couldn't haul hay over the roads their stock died, but I kept mine alive by doctoring up weeds with sugar beet syrup, and coaxing the cattle to eat it. They expected me to do them favors, yet when I brought my wife a stranger in their midst, they didn't exhibit the smallest act of neighborliness. They didn't know enough to show her any courtesy, but Alice was so busy helping me get a start that she didn't notice it. In fact, I think that Sid's wife despised Alice for raising chickens and working in a garden. Bertha believed in keeping herself 'a lady.' In fact, I guess that's one of the

reasons for Sid's shortages. Although they considered themselves smarter than I, I got ahead because I built up while they tore down. I planted fruit trees, hundreds of them. With lantern and hip boots I irrigated them while the Pace boys snored in their beds. For nine years I cultivated, pruned and sprayed. When the trees finally bore fruit they came in the night and harvested the crop. Personally I can't see any difference between a man stealing fruit, or a holdup who robs a man of his money. Sometimes the farmer has worked harder for his product than the artisan has for his currency. I even knew the Italian fruit peddler that they sold the apples to. He got them cheap because he probably knew that they were stolen. I didn't prosecute them because if I started I would have gone through with it. It would have meant a jail sentence. You see there were other things—the horse that Sid's brother Ed rode to Nevada. It wasn't my horse but neither was it his. They considered me an easy mark!"

Murphy murmured sympathetically and his brother-in-law continued:

"The greatest asset that a business man can have is integrity. I have no use for a man who betrays a private trust. But when a man misuses a public office, one to which the taxpayers have elected him, it is worse."

"Tomorrow is the 4th of July. We have passed the stage of fire crackers and gun powder. A man now-a-days shows his patriotism by being a good citizen. He takes an interest in the public affairs. He votes, elects capable men to office, sustains the law. Personally I wouldn't mind doing Sid Pace a good turn, though I don't owe him anything, but to go before a court and testify to his good character, I won't do. It would desecrate my sense of Americanism."

The two men arose from the table. As the lawyer reached for his hat he said, "I am glad that you told me this, George. They had asked me to defend him. I do not think that I will be able to take the case."

Angel's Landing

"To him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language."—

Sorrow, in a mantle somber,
Overshadowed me and darkened
All my pathway, e'en eclipsing
Hope's bright face, once so inspiring;
And my form, so sorely burdened,
Bent beneath my cross of suffering.
Where, oh where could I find surcease
For my woe, so soul numbing?

IMPROVEMENT ERA

As I struggled on, in sorrow,
 Throngs of people passed near by me
 But no helping hand extended
 My heart breaking load to lighten.
 Then I groaned aloud in anguish,
 And sweet Hope, beloved, compassionate,
 Entered, neath the wings of Sorrow,
 And my hand in hers clasped tightly.
 "Come with me from crowded highway,
 Come where Nature's voice can reach you;
 She will help you bear your burden;
 She, her Father's love, will teach you."

Hope's bright smile my path illumining
 Forth I went from scenes confusing
 To the solitudes of Nature;
 Towered around me cliffs majestic,
 Clothed in wondrous, glowing colors,
 Fashioned by a Master Artist;
 Dainty flowers festooned their garments.
 Flowers many hued and lovely;
 And their heav'n piercing forms, gigantic,
 Shutting out life's strife, enfolded
 Night by peace of God made holy.
 In the solemn hush, so restful,
 Long my soul communed with Nature;
 And I heard Night's myriad voices
 Call from leaf enshrouded darkness,
 Saw her fairest gem, a luminous
 Moostone in a pale gold setting
 Rest on western peak so lofty.
 And her harmony, soul healing
 Lighter made my load of sorrow.
 Soon an eminence, far remov'd
 My enraptured sight arrested—
 Eminence so proudly tow'ring
 'Gainst the young Night's sky of azure;
 As I gazed, a vision wondrous
 Saw my eyes, by Beauty opened,—
 For a Visitant most holy
 Radiant from realms celestial
 Came like a meteor through the ether,
 Flashing in a blaze of glory;
 Paused he on the height kept sacred
 For the landing of the Angels
 Holy place of Zion's Canyon
 And unto my anguished spirit
 Came this message through the stillness:
 "Peace—with courage bear thy burden;
 Crosses borne bring crowns of glory."
 Vanished then the Angel glorious,
 Felt his balm my heart had entered;
 Fell I strengthened for the bearing
 Of the load to me appointed.
 Praise God for the blessed solace
 I received from Angle's Landing.

La Verkin, Utah.

Linda S. Fletcher.

The Promises Made to the Fathers

By Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

The question is asked: "What is meant by the 'promises made to the fathers,' in the instruction of Moroni to the Prophet Joseph Smith, as recorded in the second section of the Doctrine and Covenants?"

This expression has reference to certain promises made to those who died without a knowledge of the gospel, and without the opportunity of receiving the sealing ordinances of the Priesthood in matters pertaining to their exaltation. According to these promises, the children in the latter days are to perform all such ordinances in behalf of the dead.

At various times during the history of the world the opportunity for mankind to receive the blessings of the gospel has been denied them. For instance, during the time of the apostasy, following the ministry of our Savior and his apostles down to the time of the restoration, the opportunity for men to receive the remission of their sins by baptism and partake of the other ordinances essential to exaltation was impossible, for the Church with its authorized ministers was not on the earth. It is true that similar conditions have existed at other and more remote periods of time. Even when the Priesthood has been on the earth and every opportunity given to men to repent and embrace the gospel, many have died without that opportunity who, perhaps, would have done so had the privilege been presented to them.

Moreover, is it not probable that in the present dispensation we are privileged to perform ordinances for the dead which were denied them when living, notwithstanding their faithfulness and obedience to the gospel in their day? The Lord said to Joseph Smith: "For I deign to reveal unto my Church, things which have been kept hid from before the foundation of the world, things that pertain to the dispensation of the fulness of times." Doc. and Cov. 124:41. See also 128:18.

The Lord has said that his great work is to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man. This being true, then all men must have the opportunity of hearing the gospel, either now or in the spirit world. Moreover, the Lord declared to Joseph Smith that "all who have died without a knowledge of

the gospel who would have received it if they had been permitted to tarry, shall be heirs of the celestial kingdom." This is likewise true of all those who shall die henceforth without receiving it, who would receive it if the opportunity came.

However, since the kingdom of God is governed by law, and among its laws are the principles of the gospel, which all who enter there receive, it becomes necessary that baptism as well as other ordinances which should be performed in this mortal existence must be obeyed by those who would enter there, whether they be living in mortality or the spirit world. If they are dead, then the only way these ordinances can be complied with is for some one to act as proxy for the dead and perform a vicarious work, which, if accepted by those departed, will be accounted unto them just the same as if they had acted in their own person. In this manner all who are entitled to receive these blessings shall have the opportunity and all the righteous shall be saved. The temples are the places designated where this vicarious work shall be performed.

Some of these promises made to the fathers are found in the Scriptures. For instance, Isaiah said in reference to our Savior: "I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles; to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house." 42:6-7.

Again he says: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn." 61:1-2.

It is generally understood by the Latter-day Saints that these references to the prisoners who are bound, refer to those who are dead who were to hear the gospel and be redeemed. Further light is thrown on this by another reference by Isaiah: "And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall punish the host of the high ones that are on high, and the kings of the earth upon the earth. And they shall be gathered together in the pit, and shall be shut up in the prison, and after many days shall they be visited."—24:21-22.

Perhaps the most direct promise recorded in the Scriptures is that by Malachi, in the fourth chapter and fifth and sixth verses, as follows: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord:

and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

Another significant passage embodying this promise is found in the Pearl of Great Price in the words of the Lord to Enoch: "But, behold, these which thine eyes are upon shall perish in the floods; and behold, I will shut them up; a prison have I prepared for them.

"And that which I have chosen hath plead before my face. Wherefore, he suffereth for their sins; inasmuch as they will repent in the day that my Chosen shall return unto me, and until that day they shall be in torment." Moses 7:38-39.

The fulfilment of this prediction is spoken of by Peter in his first epistle, chapter 3:18-20, and 4:6.

The Pilgrim

Up the imperial highway
I go where voices call me:
Few travelers are on the route,
Few do I ever hear.
Solemn is the silence,
Wonder-thoughts appall me;
But the Voice speaks kindly,
"Come, and have no fear!"

I am groping slowly,
Step by step ascending,
And my steps awaken
Not an echoing sound;
No one asks me whither,
No one crosses hither;
On and on unending
Leads the way I've found.

Vision, upward searching,
Somewhere in the distance
Opens us to brighter realms
On either side the way;
But the Voice will never
Alter its insistence—
I must onward, upward,
And the Voice obey!

Whither may it lead me?
It is my reliance!
Yet I trust, and trusting,
Follow faithfully:

Strict in moral precepts
Is this Voice of silence,
All its trend, refining,
Leads to liberty.

Neither creed nor dogma,
Neither fear nor scorning,
Nor the trite opinions
That my friends revere,
Can gainsay the Voice's
Warning and rewarning,
Crying on the highway,
"Come, and have no fear!"

So I learn my lesson,
Traveling up the highway—
I must pay the price in full
For all that I obtain.—
Straight ahead the journey,
Turning in no byway,
All rewards a measure
Of the heights I gain.

Sometime on the highway,
From the still Voice learning;
I will know my teacher
And his purpose know.—
At my journey's ending,
While the gate is turning,
Where the vail is opened,
And therein I go!

—Joseph Longking Townsend.

Commencement Exercises Brigham Young University

Honorary Degrees Conferred

By Lowry Nelson, Secretary to the President

The forty-sixth annual commencement exercises of the Brigham Young University were held on June 2. The bachelor's degree was conferred upon thirty-two men and women, thirteen received the normal diploma, and three received the art supervision diploma.

A feature of the exercises was the conferring of honorary degrees upon Elders David O. McKay and James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve. Elder McKay received the degree of Master of Arts; and to Elder Talmage was awarded the degree of Doctor of Laws.

President Heber J. Grant officiated in conferring the degrees. In presenting the diploma to Elder David O. McKay the President spoke as follows:

“David O. McKay, educator, organizer, and inspirer of the young: In recognition of your efficiency as a teacher and school executive; and of your power in marshaling educational forces; and of your contribution to the Church teacher-training work; together with your effective labors as Church Commissioner of Education and your life-long devotion to the uplift of mankind; on recommendation of the university council and with the approval of the board of trustees, and by the authority of the board of trustees in me vested, I confer upon you the degree of Master of Arts with all rights and privileges appertaining thereunto; in testimony whereof you are presented with this diploma.”

In conferring the doctorate upon Elder Talmage, President Grant spoke as follows:

“James Edward Talmage, bachelor of science and didactics, doctor of science, doctor of philosophy, fellow of the Royal Microscopical society, fellow of the Royal Scottish Geographical society, fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, fellow of the Geological Societies of Great Britain and America, fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and member of numerous other scientific societies:

“In recognition of your long and noteworthy service as a teacher in this university and other institutions; and of your contributions to science in the field of geology, and of your service as college and university president; and of your distinguished work as an author and lecturer; on recommendation of the university council and with the approval of the board of trustees and by the authority of the board of trustees in me vested, I confer upon you the degree of Doctor of Laws; in testimony whereof you are invested with the appropriate hood of your academic rank and presented with this diploma.”

The ceremony included the removal of the doctorate of science hood of Lehigh University, worn by Dr. Talmage, and replacing it with the Brigham Young University LL.D hood,

faced with royal purple and lined with white and azure blue.

Elder David O. McKay delivered the address to the graduates; and his appropriate and impressive remarks will be remembered with profit by all who heard.

The proceedings of the day began with a procession, in which marched the board of trustees, faculty and graduates, dressed in academic costume befitting their several ranks. Those holding the doctorate degree wore the gowns and hoods with the colors of their respective colleges. The procession was of imposing appearance, and the services in College Hall were likewise impressive and dignified throughout.

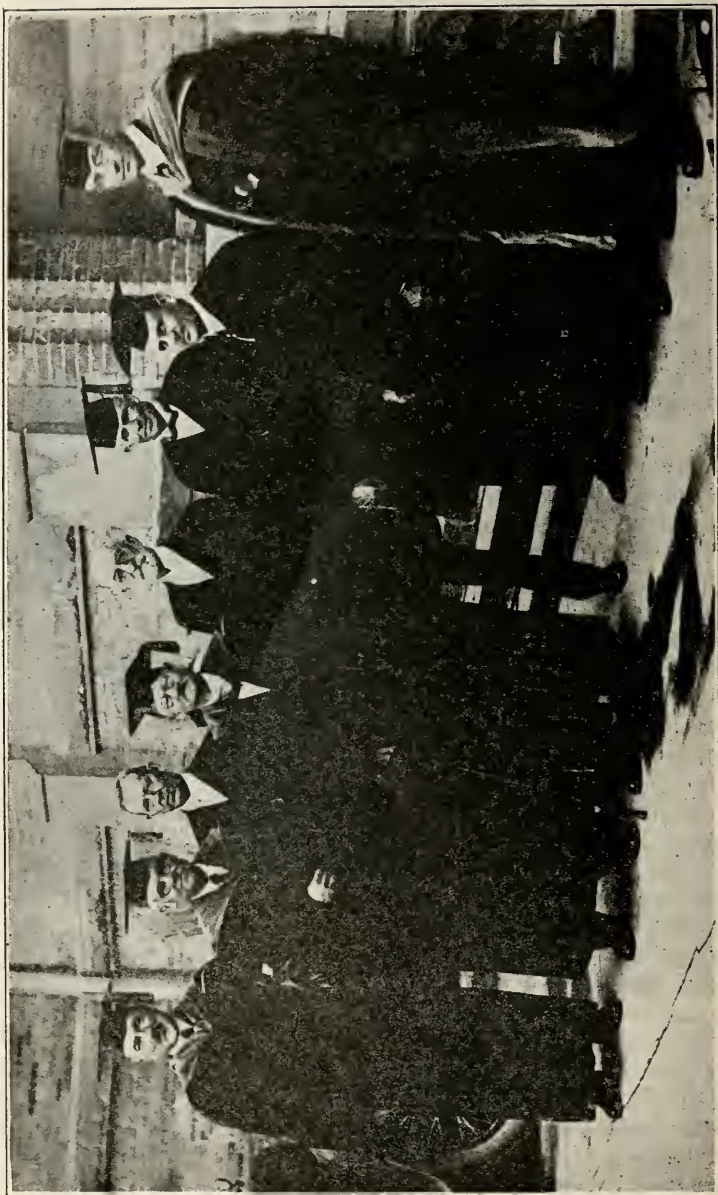
President Charles W. Penrose, upon whom the university conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws last year, but who was unable to attend the exercises on account of illness, was in attendance this year, and wore the insignia of his doctorate degree. He pronounced the benediction at the commencement exercises, and the prayer, beautiful at once in diction and spirit, was reverently and feelingly uttered.



President Heber J. Grant gave an address which was stimulating and inspirational. He urged those going out as representatives of the institution to be faithful in their service, no matter in what capacity they may be called to labor.

President Charles W. Penrose, LL. D., as he appeared in cap and gown at the Commencement Exercises of the Brigham Young University, June 2, 1922.

After the presentation of the diplomas, President Franklin S. Harris gave a brief report of the activities and status of the university. High lights in this report are as follows: The enrollment of college students shows a 52 per cent increase over last year. The total enrollment in the institution amounts to 1,680. People reached through the extension division by means of lectures and entertainments number over 78,000. The li-



Church officials attending the Commencement Exercises of the Brigham Young University, June 2, 1922. Left to right: John A. Widtsoe, Ph. D., LL. D.; James E. Talmage, Sc. D., LL. D.; Joseph Fielding Smith, Church Historian; President Charles W. Penrose, LL. D.; President Heber J. Grant; David O. McKay, M. A.; Stephen L. Richards, LL. B.; Richard R. Lyman, C. E., Ph. D.



The Academic Procession Coming Through the Main Entrance

brary has been augmented by 2,428 volumes during the year; and 2,000 of these are the result of endowments or gifts. Since the founding of the university, in 1875, more than 3,500 people have contributed means for its growth and development. These contributions have ranged from \$100,000 down to \$1.

In concluding his report President Harris called attention to some of the needs of the school and the opportunities for endowments by friends. The university is fast outgrowing its present quarters and new buildings are needed, he said, chief among which were a library building, a science building, and a gymnasium.

President-emeritus George H. Brimhall was praised by Doctor Harris, as were also the rest of the faculty, for the loyal manner in which they had supported him during the first year of his administration. Doctor Brimhall said the present commencement exercises were the happiest he had ever experienced.

The annual alumni banquet was held at 2 o'clock on June 2. President H. R. Clark presided, and introduced W. Lester Mangum as toastmaster. Responses were made by President Harris, President-emeritus Brimhall, President Heber J. Grant, Mr. W. D. Roberts, Miss Lavieue Huish representing the class of 1922. President Stephen L. Chipman presented the new members of the faculty beginning with July 1, 1921.

The annual baccalaureate services were held in the Utah Stake tabernacle on the evening of Sunday, May 28. President T. N. Taylor of the Utah stake and chairman of the executive committee of the Board of Trustees of the Brigham Young University, presided. Dr. James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve, delivered the baccalaureate sermon.

Degrees Conferred at University of Utah Commencement Exercises

On June 6, 1922, in recognition of praiseworthy service and achievement, the University of Utah bestowed its highest honors upon Dr. James E. Talmage, past president of the institution. In the presence of the great gathering at the commencement exercises, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Dr. Talmage. He was presented by Dr. Joseph T. Kingsbury, president-emeritus of the university, who for a long time was associated with Dr. Talmage in the faculty and who succeeded him as president of the university. The award of the honorary degree was made by President George Thomas.

Dr. Talmage, theologian, educator, scientist and author, was born at Hungerford, Berkshire, England, September 21, 1862, and came to Utah in 1876. He was a student, and later an instructor, in the Brigham Young University between 1876 and 1882. He attended Lehigh University, in 1882-3, and later received from this institution the degree of Bachelor of Science. During 1883-4 he was a special student engaged in research work at Johns Hopkins University. In 1896 he took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the Illinois Wesleyan University for non-resident work. In 1912 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Science from Lehigh University. He was associated with the Brigham Young University from 1884 to 1888 as professor of chemistry and geology, and from 1888 to 1893 he was president of the Latter-day Saints College in Salt Lake City.

Dr. Talmage succeeded the late Dr. John R. Park in the presidency of the University of Utah in 1894, and at the same time became the Deseret Professor of geology. He served as the head of the State's highest institution of learning until 1897, when he resigned the presidency but retained his chair of geology until 1907.

Dr. Talmage was a consulting and mining engineer for many years, and from 1891 to 1919 he served as director of the Deseret Museum.

He was ordained one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church in December, 1911. He is the author of many books on science and theology. He is a fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society, Great Britain; the Royal Scottish Geographical Society; the Geological Societies of Great Britain and America; the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He is also a member of the philosophical Society of Great Britain.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Science was bestowed upon Dorsey Alfred Lyon, supervisor of the U. S. Bureau of

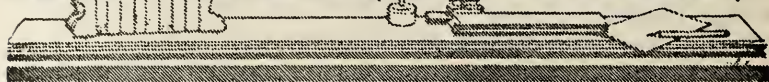
Mines with headquarters at Washington, D. C. He was presented by Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, director of the School of Mines and Engineering, and the degree was awarded by President George Thomas.

The 53rd annual commencement of the University of Utah was held on Tuesday, June 6, on the campus. Two hundred sixty graduating students were turned into the service of the state and nation. Many thousands of people, including students, parents, faculty and special guests, attended the exercises. The regents, faculty, graduates and alumni formed a slow and imposing procession led by President George Thomas, Mayor C. Clarence Neslen, President-emeritus Joseph T. Kingsbury, President Heber J. Grant, Dr. John A. Widtsoe, Dr. James E. Talmage, and other noted educators and officials. The distinguished educators in the procession wore gowns and variously colored hoods, indicating the higher degrees. The members of the graduating class wore the simple black caps and gowns. Imposing exercises were carried out including an address by President Thomas; a message to the graduates of 1922, by Judge Samuel R. Thurman; musical exercises; awarding of scholarships and fellowships. A noteworthy incident in the exercises was the presentation to the University by Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, director of the School of Mines and Engineering, of a \$2,000 memorial fund in honor of his son, Joseph Hyde Merrill, former student of the institution, who died during the war. The interest on this money is to be used as a loan fund for students in the School of Mines or others registering in Physics and for instructors in the School of Mines.



First Fathers' and Sons' Outing, 1922, Maricopa Stake, May, 18-20 at Granite Reef, near Mesa, Arizona. This was the first outing for 1922. Are you ready for yours? Report place and date to general office.

EDITORS TABLE



The Latest and Best Conference

It is the opinion of all who have expressed themselves that the 1922 M. I. A. Annual conference was the best attended and most profitable and successful of any ever held. Everybody was pleased with the program of activities and exercises.

Through the courtesy of the Brigham Young University a special meeting was held on Thursday evening for the benefit of educators and M. I. A. officers. Dr. Edward T. Devine, Professor of Social Economy, Columbia University, and Dr. Charles E. Rugh, Professor of Education, University of California, spoke to the gathering on vital social, educational and leadership questions. Dr. Rugh especially pleaded that the "I" in the individual shall control the "IT," the spiritual, the physical; the will, the impulse.

The first joint meeting introduced the leading feature of the conference: The Slogan, "We Stand for a pure life through clean thought and action." The scripture reading and introduction were given in an impressive manner by Assistant Superintendent Richard R. Lyman. It is requested that during the season the slogan and scripture-reading be constant features of Mutual Improvement work.

Another mark of distinction was the service of the Bennion ward, Cottonwood stake band, A. M. Palmer, conductor. This band is the brilliant product of a ward of 350 people. The band gave two splendid selections.

The importance of giving M. I. A. activities ample publicity in local papers, meetings, and in amplified instructions in detail by stake officers to ward officers was emphasized by Preston Nibley of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board. Dr. Widtsoe delivered a telling talk on the making of leaders. This will be used in the *Era* later. The "Year round program" for the M. I. A. was presented by Laura P. C. Nicholson, class work, summer work, outdoor activities and special programs, constituting the plan.

A preview of the conference was given by Augusta W. Grant of the General Board Y. L. M. I. A., and reports on the new plan for committee organization was treated by Superintendent

Herbert Maw, of Liberty Stake, and Claire N. Hulme, President of the Logan stake Y. L. M. I. A.

The afternoon of the first day was devoted to a meeting of the Y. M. M. I. A. officers in the Tabernacle. An outstanding part of the meeting was the address of President Anthony W. Ivins, "The power of personal work in obtaining membership;" likewise the splendid address of Executive Director Oscar A. Kirkham, on "Integrity of officers." Preston D. Richards of the organization and membership committee showed how it was necessary to have a job for everybody and everybody on the job, in Mutual Improvement work. The subject, "Lessons to be learned from the efficiency reports" was treated by Edward H. Anderson, and emphasized the need of careful checking of the progress of each department.

The afternoon and evening, from four o'clock on, were enjoyed in a trip to Saltair. It was learned from this successful and enjoyable social, that large recreational gatherings can be successfully conducted, under the right kind of supervision such as was given to this outing by LeRoi C. Snow and Emily C. Adams of the General Boards. Among the total attendance of the M. I. A. workers of nearly 6,000 more than 500 stake officers were official chaperones and wore conspicuous badges. There were leaders in all the cars and they encouraged sociability and community singing. All the members of the General Boards constituted the reception committee. A free luncheon was served to 1,000 people in the Ship Cafe, and a delightful recreation program was presented both in the cafe and in the great dance hall, while the Boy Scout band of Salt Lake City, John Held, conductor, gave free music to the gatherings in different parts of the pavilion. There was a grand march led by President Heber J. Grant in the great dance hall, and free dancing was given to all officers of the M. I. A. Community singing, solo singing, Boy Scout Band music, and free dancing were enjoyed by all M. I. A. stake and ward officers present, and constituted the amusements of the evening. This is the first time that the June conference social has been carried out on so large a scale.

On Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, a round table discussion of Y. M. M. I. A. stake and ward problems was conducted at the Tabernacle, and at 10 o'clock the Junior Department program was given, important addresses being delivered by President Anthony W. Ivins on "The attitude of the Church towards scouting," and by Dr. John H. Taylor, of the General Board, on "How to tie up scouting to the Y. M. M. I. A." "How to spiritualize scouting through the manual," was treated by Nephi Anderson, and "How to spiritualize scouting through leadership,"

by B. S. Hinckley, both members of the General Board.

At the same hour a department session of the Senior Leaders and delegates, "M" Men, was held at the Bureau of Information, at which addresses by Superintendent Adam S. Benion, of the Church schools, Assistant Superintendent Richard R. Lyman of the Y. M. M. I. A., and Dr. F. S. Harris, President of the Brigham Young University, were given. The general topic was "The Young Man 17 to 23," including subdivisions, "The vital years," "The big things for 1922," and "Special qualifications for leadership," followed by a round table discussion.

At noon over 100 superintendents and members of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A. attended a luncheon at the Hotel Utah, at which a number of superintendents expressed themselves on what the Y. M. M. I. A. work had done for them. Four young men from Brigham City—a Y. M. M. I. A. quartet, delighted the gathering with lively songs.

At two o'clock on the same day the Senior department had innings at the Tabernacle, at which Dr. John A. Widtsoe presented the new program. Thomas Hull, of the General Board, also presented "Study period and activities." While this department was in session the departmental sessions of the Junior and Scout leaders were held at the Bureau of Information, where the speakers were E. S. Hinckley; Superintendent George Albert Smith, John F. Bowman, and Roscoe W. Eardley of the General Board. The session closed by an open discussion conducted by George J. Cannon, of the General Board, the topic being, "The boy from 12 to 17."

A new departure of great importance was the program of the Saturday evening joint meeting at the Assembly Hall, where the general topic for the evening was "Special activity work." This was explained first by Mary E. Connelly of the General Board Y. L. M. I. A., followed by demonstrations of the activities, including community singing, by National Leader Clive Bradford, preliminary music by Edward P. Kimball, the reading of the slogan, an M. I. A. ward officers' social by Granite stake officers, a dramatization of Christmas carolling, by B. Cecil Gates and Evangeline T. Beesley. The slogan for 1922 was dramatized under the direction of Agnes Smith and Louis T. Cannon. Beautiful selections were given by the stringed quartet from the Weber stake of Zion, showing perfectly the splendid activity that may be introduced into our organizations in this particular line. A one-act play with M. I. A. players participating, under the direction of Miss Fay Cornwall of the University of Utah, was a delightful diversion. This was followed by a surprise, not on the printed program—a selection from the opera, "Mikado," by a company of young men and women from

the small Winder ward, of Cottonwood stake, under the direction of Claude C. Cornwall. The music and acting were first class. Another musical selection given by the Girls' Glee Club of Juab stake under the direction of K. J. Bird, delighted the audience.

The third day, Sunday, opened with a testimony meeting of officers in the Assembly Hall where every seat was taken. Over an hour and a half was devoted to short testimonies that opened the day with the spirit of the gospel burning in the hearts of all who attended.

The ten o'clock meeting at the Tabernacle was favored with a selection from the Y. L. M. I. A. orchestra of the 27th ward, Ensign stake, Mattie Reid Evans, conductor. President Martha H. Tingey gave the scripture reading and the slogan. This meeting was devoted largely to the advanced senior class work, and an address giving a preview to the lessons for the coming year, the purpose and object of the work, how it may be made more profitable, etc., was given by Dr. George H. Brimhall. "Summer work" was discussed by Emily C. Adams. An excellent classical, and beautiful selection, "Praying for you," was sung by the Y. M. M. I. A. quartet of young men of Brigham City. The Fast Sunday evening joint programs and their importance to the M. I. A. were discussed by Elder Oscar A. Kirkham. The Girls' Glee Club of Juab stake rendered another selection. The speech of the morning was delivered by Elder Melvin J. Ballard on the Slogan. This will be printed as we find space in the *Era*.

The two o'clock meeting was conducted by President Heber J. Grant, who called upon some of the present new members of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board, to make short talks, which they did, expressing their willingness to labor in the cause. He himself delivered a telling address full of good counsel to the young people of the Church. The Tabernacle choir furnished the music for this meeting, under the direction of A. C. Lund, director, and J. J. McClellan, organist.

The evening service at 7:30 was devoted to a processional, representing the Primary and Mutual Improvement Associations. Two Primary boys thrilled the audience with speeches that were clever and full of information. The theme of the evening was "Youth's Opportunity for Growth in the Primary and Mutual Improvement Associations," and proved a great attraction. The M. I. A. Scout Band rendered beautifully a sacred selection, John Held conducting. Flag ceremonies were conducted by the Boy Scouts, Beehive Girls, and Primary Junior Nurses. The slogan was repeated by members of the M. I. A. President Heber J. Grant, who favored the organization with

his presence at most of the meetings, gave the closing speech, full of encouragement and pertinent, story-illustrated advice to the young people of the Church. The congregation sang, "True to the Faith," and a most inspiring conference of the young people of the Church came to a close. The reports of the secretary showed excellent advancement in every department. A digest, with other vital information, will be found in the August number of the *Era*, in print, July 26.

Messages from the Missions

Sunday School and Travel in Poverty Bay, N. Z.

Elder Jacob I. Smith, conference president of the Poverty Bay Conference, Gisborne, writes under date of April 5: "The picture is a representation of the Tolaga Bay Sunday School in this conference, and the elders on horse-back are Jacob I. Smith, Riverdale; and Oliver K. Jacobson,



Bancroft, Idaho. We do most of our traveling from place to place on horses here on the East Coast of New Zealand. We are meeting with fairly good success. Some of the branches are reviving in the good work of the Church. We appreciate the *Improvement Era* and read it with great interest."

Unfavorable Reports Help the Cause

The storm of anti-"Mormon" agitation which recently broke upon Toronto, Canada, has subsided. Even Miss Agnes McPhail, M. P., who recently said "We hate the 'Mormons'," has ceased manifesting her intolerance. As usual, the agitation helped our cause. It attracted the attention of the public to our message, and awakened in many a curiosity to know our side of the question. One of the newspapers, the *Star*, sought interviews from us. This paper published six very favorable articles concerning the accomplishments of the Latter-day Saints. The last of these interviews appeared after the April conference at Salt Lake City. It was published prominently on the front page under the caption: "Mormon Church Won 22,000 in Year." Our investigators here were not disturbed by the malicious misrepresentation of the Church. The attacks only

intensified their determination to find the truth at any cost. Seven were baptized April 15, and were confirmed the next day, Sunday, at the opening session of the regular Toronto quarterly conference. The missionaries in tracting in Toronto, have discovered the beneficial effects of the widespread publicity which was given to our work. The people have been notified of our activities, and in many instances they desire to learn something of our teachings.—*Nephi Jensen, President of the Canada Mission.*

Thirty-Six Baptisms in Three Months

Willard H. Clark, conference president, Huntley, Waikato, New Zealand mission, writes under date of March 30, with greetings to the readers of the *Improvement Era* from the elders laboring in this part of Maoriland. He says: "The inspiration and joy we get from reading the *Improvement Era* are invaluable to us in our work. We have had thirty-six baptisms in the last three months and, at present, have many good prospects. The Lord's work is progressing rapidly here, and both elders and Saints are making many new friends. Our labors are mainly among the Maori people, who are as sincere and true to God as any people in the world."



Elders of this conference, left to right: F. L. Wilcox, Preston; J. E. Francom, Tremonton; J. V. Monson, Smithfield: (Sitting) W. H. Clark, American Fork; George S. Winn, Preston, Idaho, presiding over European work; A. R. Potter, Loa, Utah.

Good Results from a Discussion

Elder William W. Horne, writing from Launceston branch, Tasmania conference, Australia, May 3, says: "This branch has been open one year, since it closed August, 1914. We are greatly encouraged at the outlook for the future. The city contains about 22,000 people. Since the opening of the branch, seven baptisms have taken place. A branch conference was held here at a recent visit of President Don C. Rushton. There were 40

people present at our evening meeting. We do much country work among the outlying cities and villages, and feel that a goodly number at some future time will see the light of the restored gospel. During the visit of President Rushton there was a public discussion. Mr. P. R. Baker, of the Church of Christ, spoke on, Is 'Mormonism' of God or Man? and President Rushton spoke on the same subject. The effects of this discussion have been very beneficial and have made for the elders a host of friends. We desire to come before the people that they might know us as we are in our true light, and not as they think we are. This discussion afforded a splendid opportunity in this direction. The majority of the Saints are active and the work is increasing. All the auxiliary organizations have been set in order."

Good Work in Wisconsin

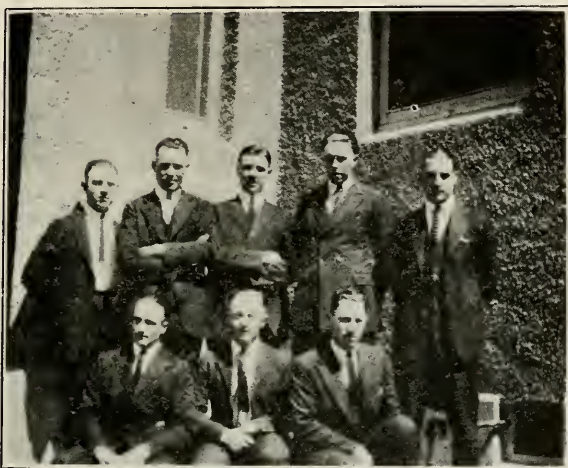
Elder Nephi N. Probst, of the Wisconsin conference, Milwaukee, writes under date of June 1: "Every Saturday night large crowds of interested people gather around us on the street corners as we explain the gospel message to them. Throughout the conference country work has commenced and all are actively engaged in visiting the scattered members and holding special meetings in towns and cities.



Missionaries laboring in the city of Milwaukee, left to right: Edgar N. Christensen, Walter G. Hoplin, Clifford E. Johnson, Harold A. Wood; front row, Eliza A. Beck, Nephi N. Probst, conference president; W. E. Wiltbank, presiding elder; Myrtle E. Torp. Seven of these missionaries during the past three months have loaned 478 copies of the *Book of Mormon*, which is an average of over 22 books per missionary for each month. A splendid spirit prevails, both with the missionary force and with the local branches of the city. The local Priesthood is busily engaged in active missionary work, and through their untiring efforts, many new friends have been brought to our services. The newspapers are very liberal in publishing news items and announcements of our meetings."

Conference in Douglas, Arizona

The missionaries and Saints of southern Arizona met in general semi-annual conference April 28, 29, and 30. President Joseph W. McMurrin of the California mission and Elder G. O. Larson, Superintendent of Sunday Schools and Mutuals of the mission, were in attendance from Los Angeles. Marion A. Condie, president of the Arizona conference conducted all general sessions. The following traveling elders were present: C. L. Stewart, Levi Bodily, A. N. Kasius, De Lyman Bayles, James Harvey, Theodore E. Reese, Lavon Humphreys, Levar Doncy, Frank Robinson and Myron Child. The several branches of the southern vicinities were represented by various officers.



Elders laboring in Bisbee, Arizona, and vicinity. Left to right: Royal Spartling; Frank Robinson; De Lyman Bayles. Back: James Harvey, M. A. Condie, president of Arizona conference; Delbert Heiselt, Andrew Kasius and Lavon Humphreys.

On Friday evening a general Priesthood meeting was held. Saturday morning the first general session of the conference was held and reports given. Prest. McMurrin and the elders spoke on the principles of the gospel. During the evening the local Mutual presented a three-act comedy, "Married Life."

Sunday morning Superintendent Larson conducted a teacher-training class. At 10 o'clock a Sunday School and Mutual combined conference was held. Elder Larson spoke on "The Teacher's Opportunity." Special musical numbers were rendered and L. S. Huish spoke on the Mutual slogan. Sunday afternoon and evening were devoted again to general conference sessions. Many of the speakers referred admiringly to the magnificent chapel as a monument to the Saints of Douglas and the fruits of "Mormonism" in Arizona. The chapel is reputed to be one of the best in the California mission.—*Andrew W. Kasius.*

Preaching the Gospel in Song

Elders Doral Cutler, P. A. Young, R. T. Shepherd, and (rear) C. A. Ferrin, missionaries laboring in Kansas City, Missouri, in the Inde-

pendence conference of the Central States mission, writing under date of March 14, report that they have attained no small degree of success in their missionary labors by means of a male quartette which they have organized. These young men have done very excellent work for the past five months in proclaiming the gospel through song. They write as follows: "During the past winter we have been exceedingly fortunate in obtaining opportunities whereby we might spread the gospel message, both by word of mouth and by song. Our quartette was first organized in answer to a call to officiate at a funeral of one of our investigators. On this occasion we had the opportunity of preaching a sermon and of singing to over one hundred people, many of whom were not members of our Church. Soon thereafter we again had a similar opportunity, and also once again during the same week, all of which resulted in an invitation by one of the undertakers in Kansas City, not a member of our Church, to officiate at all funerals held in his chapel. This we graciously accepted, and we were thus given an opportunity to preach the word of the Lord to many people, some of whom are today counted among our most earnest investigators. We have had the privilege of giving a series of concerts in two hospitals in Kansas City. Our songs and short addresses attracted many good people to our meetings after their discharge from



these hospitals. In our street and cottage meetings we have been able to get good sized audiences through the wonderful influence of our Church hymns. The Saints in Kansas City, Independence, and other places have been entertained on numerous occasions. Every invitation to render a program has been considered an opportunity by us to preach the gospel. It is gratifying to see the goodly number of people, whom we have thus reached, earnestly investigating the truth."

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

How They Celebrated the Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood

Referring again to the celebration of the 93rd anniversary of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood, notice of which appeared in the June number of the *Improvement Era*, page 747, we are favored with a compilation by LeRoi C. Snow of a number of the reports gathered from various parts covering this celebration. Some of the features embraced in a large majority of these programs are here named:

The people were received and welcomed at the door by members of the Aaronic Priesthood.

Deacon ushers conducted the people to seats and looked after their comfort.

All the officers of the Aaronic Priesthood quorums were seated on the stand, and in small wards other quorum members were thus seated. Many programs were arranged under the direction of class leaders of Aaronic Priesthood supervisors.

The exercises were conducted by a Priest under the bishop's direction. Appropriate opening singing such as, "Come all ye sons of God," "Israel, Israel, God is calling," "The First Vision," "What was witnessed in the Heavens?"

Prayer by a member of the Aaronic Priesthood.

Announcement by a deacon or teacher.

Appropriate song, such as, "Praise to the man," "How great the wisdom," "An angel from on high."

In many instances these opening songs were rendered by quartets or choruses made up entirely of Lesser Priesthood members, and during the program there were solos or duets by boys, such as, "I am a Mormon boy," "Who's on the Lord's side, who?" "Shall the youth of Zion falter?"

Usually a deacon or teacher led the concert recitation, the words of John the Baptist in conferring the Aaronic Priesthood: Doc. and Cov., Section 13. In some wards this was recited only by the Lesser Priesthood quorums, in others by the congregation; while there were instances where it was first given by the Aaronic Priesthood and then repeated by the entire congregation.

Many beautiful instrumental selections were rendered by deacons, teachers and priests, and there were some fine boys' orchestras.

The sacrament was administered by two priests and passed by the deacons.

Priests treated such topics as: "The Priesthood and its Divisions," "History of the Priesthood," "Meaning of the Priesthood," or a general treatment of "The Aaronic Priesthood" only.

A deacon gave a talk on the duties of deacons.

A teacher explained the work of his office and calling.

A priest told of the responsibilities and activities of priests.

In addition to this general outline of Lesser Priesthood work, in many wards explanation was made of the present courses of study of the three priesthood orders; while other programs included a somewhat detailed report of local conditions of quorum activity.

Many beautiful accounts were given of the mission of John the Baptist, and of his visit to the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery and of the importance of this event to the Church. In fact, the entire program, its preparation and rendition, all was a great surprise to hundreds of congregations be-

cause of the excellent intelligence and ability which was exhibited by the young men, many of whom made their first public appearance at these meetings.

Some of the programs provided for closing remarks by the bishopric, or other presiding brethren, who, as far as reports show, were greatly pleased with the success of the programs.

The closing songs were such as: "We thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet," "Joseph Smith's first prayer," "True to the faith," "Hope of Israel."

The benediction was pronounced by a deacon or teacher.

Besides these, there were many unique and interesting features introduced into some of the celebrations. Miller and Wandamere wards in Granite stake united in publishing the *Home Circle*, which was devoted to the Aaronic Priesthood Restoration celebration. One thousand copies were distributed among ward members.

One ward acted out in impressive dramatization the story of the visit of John the Baptist.

One dealt with the important subject entirely from the standpoint of prophecy, citing predictions foretelling the coming of John to prepare the way for Jesus; the apostasy, the taking away of the Priesthood and its restoration in the latter days.

In one ward a feature was the ordination of several young men to the office of deacon, and the advancement of others from this office to that of teacher or priest. They were accepted by the vote of the people and publicly expressed their willingness and desire to magnify the positions.

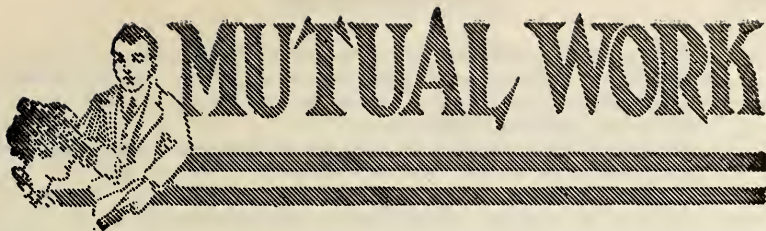
One ward made the Articles of Faith its principal subject, each article being presented, explained and discussed by a different member of the Lesser Priesthood.

In another, the first principles of the gospel were delivered in a masterful way.

In Provo First ward a chorus of 34 voices was organized, especially for this celebration. The group of boys furnished most of the music for the services and did so well that the bishop requested that they form a permanent organization in the ward.

At Brigham City, Monday, June 15, the exact date of the celebration was commemorated. On the afternoon a Priesthood Field Day was carried out, including games and field sports followed by a lawn picnic. The regular Priesthood program was given during the evening. A similar celebration will probably be carried out each year hereafter, leading up to a great centennial celebration, May 15, 1929.

The Weber stake was divided into two stakes, May 21, as announced in a meeting at which President Heber J. Grant and Elder David O. McKay were present. Elder George E. Browning was appointed president of the Weber stake, with Bishop Nathan A. Tanner of the Eleventh ward as first counselor, and Brigham H. Goddard, superintendent of the stake Sunday Schools, as second counselor. Joseph H. Stimson of Riverdale was named stake clerk, Elder Robert T. Burton was selected as president of the new Mount-Ogden stake with Joseph Ririe as first counselor and Joseph C. McFarlane as second counselor. Thomas A. Shreeve was named stake clerk.



Changes in the General Superintendency and General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A.

Elder B. H. Roberts, having been called to preside over the Eastern States Mission, was released as first assistant to the General Superintendent at a meeting of the General Board held May 24, 1922, at which a large number of the members of the Board gave brief remarks of appreciation for the good work and splendid life of Elder Roberts. Elder Junius F. Wells, on behalf of the Board, made a presentation to Elder Roberts of a pocket portfolio and contents. President Heber J. Grant was present and notified the Board that the First Presidency, on account of Elder Roberts' new missionary labors, had released him as one of the superintendency. On motion the action of the First Presidency was unanimously approved. Elder Roberts gave thanks to the Board for the token of remembrance, and made a happy speech of good will to the members of the Board. He still remains a member of the General Board.

At the annual conferences of the M. I. A., it was announced that the following members of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. had been released on account of other Church duties and labors with appreciation for their splendid services in the past: Roscoe W. Eardley, B. S. Young, James E. Talmage, J. Golden Kimball, Thomas A. Clawson.

Elder Richard R. Lyman, formerly second assistant, was made first assistant to Superintendent George Albert Smith and Elder Melvin J. Ballard was sustained as Second Assistant Superintendent.

The following new members were presented and sustained at the conference to fill the vacancies on the Board: German E. Ellsworth, formerly president of the Northern States Mission; James Gunn McKay, a former missionary for many years in Great Britain; Thomas A. Beal, of the University of Utah; Nicholas G. Smith, late president of the South African Mission; Axel E. Madsen, formerly President of the Los Angeles Conference; Heber C. Iverson, late president of the Northwestern States Mission, and Ephraim E. Erickson, of the University of Utah. The addition of these new members of the Board should be a strong impetus in the forward movement of the Y. M. M. I. A.

The M. I. A. Slogans

The M. I. A. slogan for 1922-23 is, "*We Stand for a Pure Life through Clean Thought and Action.*" This slogan should be presented and read regularly at the meetings of the Improvement Associations. A passage of scripture, fitting the slogan, might be read by one of the members each time, such as: Ps. 24:3, 4, 5; Gal. 6:7, 8; Matt. 5:8; Prov. 15:26; Ps. 51:10; Doc. and Cov. 97:21; I Cor. 3:16, 17; Thirteenth Article of Faith; Luke 6:45; Prov. 21:8; 22:11.

Slogans for the past years are:

"In the name of our God we will set up our banners." Ps. 10:5.

We stand for:

A Sacred Sabbath and a Weekly Half Holiday.

A Weekly Home Evening.
 State- and Nation-wide Prohibition.
 Thrift and Economy.
 Service to God and Country.
 Spiritual Growth through Attendance at Sacrament Meetings.
 The Non-use and Non-sale of Tobacco.
 Loyal Citizenship.
A Pure Life through Clean Thought and Action.

M. I. A. Reading Course, 1922-23

Vitality of Mormonism—Talmage, price \$1.

If Winter Comes—Hutchinson, \$2.

Fundamentals of Prosperity—Babson, \$1.

Feet of the Furtive—Roberts, \$1.

Strength of Being Clean—Jordan, \$.75.

In case these books are ordered by mail, add 10c for postage for each book. A full set will be sent postpaid, if cash accompanies the order, for \$5.25. *The Strength of Being Clean*, by Jordan, has been on the Reading Course before, but is especially adapted for this year's reading owing to the study of the Senior Class Y. M. M. I. A., entitled "Health as a Means of Achievement." It is recommended by the Advanced Senior Class Committee that *The Americanization of Edward Bok*, price \$3, be read by the members of that class as a fitting supplement to the lessons of this season, treating on "Doing Common Things in an Uncommon Way."

First Mutual Improvement Association in the Swiss-German Mission



Members; left to right: front row: Alfred Lippold and Kurt Fach. Second row: Sisters Boogh, Schreiner, B. Henschel, Bachmann I, Elly Henschel, Bachmann II. Standing: Karl Khen, Leisel Gaudig, president of the young ladies), Hermann Wachsmuth, Sister Seifert, Karl Schellenberger (president and leader of the young men), Sister Brunnert, Fritz Teubner, Sister Rabbin, Fritz Berndt.

The above organizations are known all over the Swiss-German Mission as "Improvement" and "Concordia." The first is the name of the Y. M. M. I. A. and the latter the name of the Y. L. M. I. A. The young men were first organized, in 1919, by Karl Schellenberger, a very active, energetic and bright young man who wanted his associates to cultivate their talents and enjoy the Spirit of the Lord not only in Sacramental meetings but also in their amusements and recreations. He had no idea, that there was already an auxiliary organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Utah. The beginning was small and met with quite an opposition on the part of the elder brethren in the Leipzig branch. They could not comprehend an organization which could combine religion and amusement, but the Branch President and a few of the Priesthood were in favor of it, and thought it was worth trying. The association proved to this branch that the words of our Savior were true: "By their fruits ye shall know them." They were growing rapidly in numbers, ability and accomplishments. All the young men hold the Priesthood and are always willing to fulfil their obligations to the leaders of that branch. The training embraces a broad field, such as training for leadership, public speaking, literature, music, science, and the study of the scriptures, in all a full knowledge of the gospel of Christ. The young men are preparing themselves to be worthy to be sent on a mission. In addition to their regular study they included a class to study the English language. They pay their own expenses; they buy good books, and are in possession of quite a library, which is a big help to the Sunday School and the whole branch. They aim to buy all the maps, books, and other material the Sunday School needs for its object teaching and otherwise. Therefore no other Sunday School in that mission can boast of such a wealth of books and pictures, especially enjoyed during the hardest time which Germany ever experienced.

Another practical and most interesting study was added last year to the Mutual Improvement work; that of the study of genealogy. They are endeavoring at present to enrich not only their knowledge along this art, but trying to help to enrich the German section of the Genealogical Society of Utah, by classifying paper clippings of a genealogical nature, and copying other registrations such as burials, etc. They are trying to encourage members in the line of temple work, and act in the place of a genealogical committee and are in constant touch with the Genealogical Society through the courtesy of Sister Gertrude L. Baird.

Through the influence of the associations, other branches are taking up the same course, and encourage their members to do likewise. They have also a time for recreation and play as the above picture shows, and of late some of the sisters have joined the sports. The reader should be reminded that circumstances are different (especially among the female sex) along the sporting lines in Germany than in other countries, particularly America. A few years ago, the Saints were glad to hold a meeting now and then without the interruption of the Government officials and could therefore give only the most essential help in the establishment of the true Church of Christ. The youth, could not progress much under such circumstances, but since the great war, people begin to see that youth needs recreation in the line of sports, etc. The younger people, in joining the true Church of Christ need it, in replacement of clubs and societies which they leave in order to follow the Lord.

Youth is like an unextinguishable fire, and needs the right occupation. This thought was neglected in the past, but now other branches in Berlin, Basel, Stettin, Dresden and lately Chemnitz, have followed the example of the Leipzig associations.

The Young Ladies were organized eighteen months later, as the first

Y. L. M. I. A. in the Swiss-German mission, through the untiring efforts of Sister Gaudig (now president of the young ladies) who enjoys the full confidence of her co-workers and is held in the same high esteem by every member, as is Brother Schellenberger, from the day they were voted in as presidents respectively, until the present time. They meet in the Assembly room regularly every week, and once a month they hold joint meeting, and the brethren bring their different musical instruments (purchased through their organizations) and after first discussing business and news items, they have a program and social. This insures harmony, and the branch presidency is very proud of their younger members.—*F. Homberger, President of the Leipzig Branch. ..(Translated by Sister G. L. Baird.)*

M. I. A. in the New Zealand Mission

Richard G. Andrew, superintendent M. I. A., Box 72., Auckland, New Zealand, writes under date of May 1, reporting the activities of the M. I. A. of the New Zealand mission: "There are seventeen organizations in this mission, six of which were organized during the past year. Two of these are among the white people, Auckland and Thames. Most of the organizations are joint, and only one is strictly Y. M. M. I. A. This is at the Maori Agricultural College. There are not enough people to separate them into two organizations, one for the young men and one for the young ladies, and in some branches the entire organization is made up of two or three families. Separate records have not been kept, so that statistics are not obtainable now, though we hope to make a record for next year. We have some difficulty in assigning a definite course of study for the organizations, and have given studies according to the conditions in the various places. The Maori Agricultural College organization is the only one taking the Manual for 1922. The *Book of Mormon* is a very valuable aid for discussion among the members, it being interesting because of its account of the forefathers of this people. The Advanced Senior course given in the *Improvement Era*, is rather difficult for this mission, but we encourage the use of the *Improvement Era* to all the organizations, and as missionaries, we find the *Era* a most valuable aid. The M. I. A., as an organization, is doing a good missionary work in this land. By efforts of the elders laboring



Superintendent and Assistant Superintendent, M. I. A.

in the Wellington conference, the Porina M. I. A. has presented programs, playlets and concerts, in their own and nearby towns, thus making it possible for the elders to get a hearing and an opportunity to preach the gospel, and so have allayed a great deal of prejudice where they have gone. With the receipts of their entertainments they have enabled some five or six boys to attend the Agricultural College. We are pushing the work as much as possible, and are striving to get our members to stand for the principles of the great M. I. A. organization. Elder Arthur W. Gudmundson was appointed assistant superintendent at our April conference."

Y. M. M. I. A. EFFICIENCY REPORT, MAY, 1922

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Pr'gm	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M. I. A. Programs	Stake & Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Meetings or Teach.-Tr. Class	TOTAL
Benson	10	4	9	9	9	9	9	10	9	7	85
Box Elder	10	6	10	9	9	10	8	9	8	9	88
Deseret	5	5	5	5	4	10	9	9	4	5	61
Kanab	10	9	9	8	10	10	8	10	10	7	91
Liberty	10	7	8	9	9	10	10	8	9	7	87
Logan	10	7	10	10	9	9	9	9	10	7	10
North Weber	8	7	10	5	6	8	8	8	10	7	77
Roosevelt	10	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	5	5	87
San Juan	10	5	8	5	5	6	4	8	8	8	67
Blackfoot	10	9	10	7	10	10	10	10	10	5	91
Cassia	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	7	6	92
Curlew	10	10	10	5	5	9	10	10	5	5	79
Fremont	10	7	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	6	91
Raft River	10	3	4	1	10	9	6	3	3	49
Shelley	10	9	9	6	9	10	10	9	10	8	90
Alberta	10	6	8	5	5	7	6	7	6	5	65
Taylor	10	9	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	95
Union	10	5	10	5	10	10	10	10	6	10	86

Y. M. M. I. A. STATISTICAL REPORT, MAY, 1922

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	Number Wards	Number Wards Reporting	Advanced Senior Enroll.	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	TOTAL	Advanced Senior Average Attendance	Senior Average Attendance	Junior Average Attendance	TOTAL
Benson	760	13	13	247	347	340	934	93	132	175	400
Box Elder	770	13	11	308	214	257	779	173	102	131	406
Deseret	398	10	9	213	106	136	455	72	70	83	225
Kanab	210	7	5	124	63	86	273	50	47	47	144
Liberty	1041	11	10	388	271	417	1076	224	133	240	597
Logan	11	11	213	220	276	709	86	92	166	344
North Weber ..	626	16	14	104	218	191	513	54	108	87	249
Roosevelt	315	10	10	111	129	134	374	60	70	85	215
San Juan	250	4	3	79	87	101	267	50	52	47	149
Blackfoot	474	9	8	259	89	125	473	150	60	70	280
Cassia	181	6	6	108	64	78	250	75	42	50	167
Curlew	147	10	2	38	20	25	83	15	12	22	49
Fremont	654	13	13	261	204	301	766	113	108	129	350
Raft River	160	9	6	139	66	74	279	34	30	27	91
Shelley	349	8	8	197	99	129	425	138	59	70	267
Alberta	345	11	10	174	190	151	515	98	109	93	300
Taylor	325	5	5	173	172	119	464	100	86	82	268
Union	148	5	5	95	36	46	177	36	20	20	76

REMARKS

This completes the Efficiency Reports for 1921-22. Thanks to all and especially to those who held out to the end. The April and May reports were not prepared in a large number of the stakes. It is the first year these have been required. We thank the secretaries for their commendable work. For 1922-23, beginning with October, we shall expect a report from every stake of Zion monthly. Secretaries are chosen with this duty in view. Stake and ward officers will see that their report is ready, and then study it, and check the backward, and give help and encouragement and commendation where deserved.

PASSING EVENTS



The Japanese in Siberia are extending their military occupation, according to a report from Moscow, June 2.

Wilson G. Nowers, of Beaver, Utah, died, May 19, at the age of 94. He was the oldest resident of that city. He has lived there since 1856.

V. Rolandi Ricci visited *Salt Lake City*, May 17, and was tendered a banquet by Italians of the City. He is the Italian ambassador to the United States.

The Passion Play was presented, May 14, at Oberammargau, Bavaria, for the first time since 1910. Half of the audience is said to have been made up of Americans.

An *earthquake shock*, characterized as severe, was felt at Richfield, Sevier Co., Utah, May 16, at 5:30 a. m. There was considerable excitement, but no damage was reported.

A *new German ambassador to the United States* arrived in Washington, May 16. He is Dr. Otto Wiedfeldt, and he succeeds Count Von Bernstorff, who left in February, 1917.

The New Superintendent of the Industrial School, Ogden, is John M. Mills, former superintendent of Ogden City schools. He was appointed May 17, to succeed E. S. Hinckley, resigned.

The Nibley Park was formally presented to the City, May 20, by Bishop C. W. Nibley and accepted by Mayor C. Clarence Neslen. President Heber J. Grant offered the dedicatory prayer.

Mrs. Lillian Russell Moore died June 6, at Pittsburg, after several days' illness, at the age of 60 years. For 30 years she was before the American public as an opera singer and a famous stage beauty.

The Bonus bill was presented to the Senate, June 8, by Chairman McCumber of the finance committee. It provides for an expenditure of \$3,845,659,481, spread over a period of forty-three years.

A *Communist revolution in Sofia* was reported from Vienna, May 20. It was said that the king, Boris, and his cabinet had fled from the Bulgarian capital to Varna and that red flags were flying over the abandoned city.

Heavy fighting in Ireland was reported from Belfast, June 1. Sir James Craig, the Ulster premier, was said to have asked the British government to open an offensive against the Irish republican troops on the Ulster frontier.

Clement A. Oborn, of Ogden, died in Tonga, May 11, according to a radio message received, May 16, by President Heber J. Grant. Elder Oborn left for the Tonga Island Nov. 17, 1920. The cause of death was typhoid fever.

Ten Grant awards were presented June 1, by President Heber J. Grant to students of the L. D. S. U., at the commencement exercises in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City. President Grant also presented diplomas and addressed the graduates.

The restoration of an ancient pueblo in Colorado will be attempted this summer under the direction of Dr. J. Walter Fewkes of the Bureau

of Ethnology of the Smithsonian institution, according to a Washington dispatch, May 30.

A farewell party at Washington for J. Bryan Barton and family was held May 30 by members of the Washington branch of the Church over which Mr. Barton has presided for the last three years. Senator Reed Smoot was among the speakers.

Patriarch John M. Young, died in a hospital in Salt Lake City, May 27, at the age of 65 years. He filled two missions, one to Australia, and one to England. At the time of his death he was a member of the Liberty Stake High Council.

A statue of Dr. John R. Park was unveiled, June 5, at the University of Utah, with appropriate ceremonies. The statue is of bronze, designed by Mahonri M. Young, a former student of the University. Prof. Levi Edgar Young presided at the exercises.

Fraudulent wartime contracts, if found, will be looked into by a federal grand jury that began investigation at Washington, D. C., May 31, of allegations made, that billions of dollars had been lost by the government on account of such contracts.

The Amundsen expedition for the North Pole left Seattle, Wash., June 3, on the schooner *Maud*, escorted up Puget Sound by a flotilla of cruisers from the fleets of the Seattle and Queen City yacht clubs. Captain Amundsen expects to be gone five years.

Elder B. S. Young left Salt Lake City, May 23, for the mission headquarters at Portland, Or., having been appointed to preside over the Northwestern States mission, to succeed Elder Heber C. Iverson, who has been honorably released after faithful and efficient service.

Thomas Judd, an early settler of St. George, Utah, passed away there, June 7. He was born in Birkenhead, England, Sept. 1., 1845. He emigrated in 1863 and located in "Dixie" on his arrival in Utah. He has taken a leading part in the development of that section of the country.

Around the world in airplanes is the aim of Major W. T. Blake, and two companions, Captain Norman MacMillan and Lieutenant Colonel L. E. Brome, who started on their flight from Croydon, England, May 24. They hope to complete the journey in three months, spending 300 hours in the air.

The Majestic arrived in New York, May 16, on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic. She belongs to the White Star Line and is the largest liner afloat. Her length is 956 feet and she has a displacement of 56,000 tons. She has accommodations for 4100 passengers, and a speed of from 25 to 28 knots.

Local Norwegians protest against a ruling of the Norwegian foreign office in Christiania to the effect that "Mormons" are not Christians. The protest was adopted by a meeting, May 17, in the Granite tabernacle on the motion of Consul John M. Hanson, who is not a member of the Church.

Cut in wages, amounting to an aggregate of \$60,000,000 a year, was ordered by the U. S. Railroad Labor Board, June 6, affecting freight car men, to the extent of 9 cents an hour and railway shop mechanics, 7 cents an hour. The three labor representatives on the board protested against the reduction.

The Rapallo treaty contains secret military claims, according to which Russia and Germany agree virtually to support each other, the Russians to furnish soldiers and the Germans to furnish arms and officers. That is

the charge made in the British House of Commons May 20, by Mr. Clements Edwards, a member of the parliament.

The headquarters of the National Woman's party was dedicated, May 21, with the laying of the cornerstone of its new building, which is to be constructed opposite the capitol of the United States. A crowd of several thousand people, including a number of notable men and women of this and other nations, took part in the ceremony.

A tunnel through the Continental divide will be constructed in the near future. Governor O. H. Shoup, of Colorado, May 12, signed the bill passed by a recent session of the legislature providing for the issue of \$6,000,000 bonds, with which to construct a tunnel near the foot of James Peak, eight miles in length. Work will begin next August.

Chile and Peru have again joined in an effort to reach an agreement on the Tacna-Arica dispute. Their representatives met in the Pan-American building, Washington, May 15, having accepted the invitation of Secretary Hughes to friendly conference in the American capital. The secretary opened the proceedings with an address of welcome. (See article: "Who shall have the desert?" in June *Era*, pp. 677-80.)

The Silesian dispute was settled, May 15, by a treaty between Poland and Germany, signed at Geneva in the presence of the council of the League of Nations. The agreement, containing 601 articles, was negotiated under the auspices of the league and covers detailed arrangements for disposal of all problems connected with the railways, water, electrical and coal supplies and postal and legal questions, for the next fifteen years.

Santo Spirito was destroyed by fire, May 18. Santo Spirito was the most ancient and picturesque hospital in Rome, situated on the Tiber river near the Vatican. It was founded by Pope Innocent III in the twelfth century, enlarged by Innocent IV in the thirteenth and rebuilt under Sixtus VI in the fifteenth. Twenty bodies were removed from the ruins.

The Irish conference between representatives of the Irish Free State and the British government, to discuss the agreement reached between the political factions in southern Ireland May 20, began in London, May 27. While the conference was still deliberating, actual hostilities broke out on the borderline of Ulster between English and Irish republican troops. The English captured the towns of Pettigoe and Bellack.

A statue of Pocahontas was unveiled, June 3, at Jamestown, Va., in honor of the famous Indian maiden who saved the first white colony from destruction by famine. The picturesque feature of the program was the group of little girls, all tracing descent from Pocahontas, who unveiled the monument representing the girlish figure of the protector of Jamestown colony, standing with arms outstretched in welcome to the white settlers.

The Egypt was sunk off the coast of Finisterre, May 20, by being rammed by a French cargo steamer, the *Seine*, in a thick fog. Nearly a hundred passengers perished. The *Seine* reached Brest the following morning with about thirty survivors from among the passengers of the *Egypt* and 200 of the crew. According to the captain's statement, fifteen passengers, mostly of British nationality, were missing and about eighty of the crew.

Samuel Parkinson died at his residence in Salt Lake City, May 20. Funeral services were held at Franklin, Idaho, May 24. He was born in St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 23, 1853. He removed to Kaysville, Utah, with his parents in 1854 and in 1860 the family settled in Franklin, Idaho. They were among the half-dozen families which comprised the first settlers of this

community, which is recognized as the oldest white settlement of the state.

The Child Labor Law was declared unconstitutional, May 15, by the supreme court on the ground that it attempts to regulate a state function. The law, enacted in 1919, was intended to regulate the employment of children in any mill, cannery, workshop, factory or manufacturing establishment, under the age of 14, or in any mine or quarry under 16 years, by imposing an excise tax of ten per cent upon the net annual profits of those employing such labor.

Money for roads in Utah, amounting to \$371,776 has been apportioned out of the federal highway fund of \$9,500,000, according to advices received by Senator Reed Smoot. The projects approved by the secretary of agriculture include the Heber-Fruitland project, \$50,000; the Sevier-Cove Fort project, \$48,000; the Panguitch-Tropic project, \$43,000; the Bryce canyon project, \$22,200; the Circleville canyon project, \$51,000 and the Cedar-Long Valley project, \$59,000.

The old republican parliament of China convened June 2 at Tientsin, for the first time since 1917, and adopted a program for the unification of the country. The presidency will be offered to Li Yuan Hung, the former president, who was deposed July 1, 1917, by the militant party. General Wu Pie Fu, who recently defeated Chang Tso Lin, is behind the movement. On June 11, it was announced that Li Yuan Hung had accepted the presidency and appointed Dr. Wu Fing Tang, former ambassador in Washington, prime minister.

The economic conference at Genoa adjourned, May 19, after a session lasting since April 10. Its labors will be taken up again at the Hague, June 15. Very little was accomplished at this conference, with the exception of an agreement to abstain from any act of aggression for a period of four months from the conclusion of the work at the Hague. But the magnitude and nature of the obstacles to a return to normal conditions were clearly revealed at Genoa, and the delegates to the Hague gathering will have the advantage of the lessons learned during the deliberations in Italy.

Victor E. Madsen died, June 3, at Brigham City, after an operation for appendicitis. He was born in Brigham City, March 17, 1879, and has for years been prominent in business and Church activities. At the time of his death he was the editor and manager of the *Boxelder News* and first counselor to President Norman Lee of the Boxelder stake. A tribute to him from Mamie Peters Call, in behalf of the Commercial Club, declares that "Charity and good will was of his life a part. He fought for honor and truth and resisted evil, with a smile on his lips and a song in his soul, and closed in honor a life full of service."

Mt. Timpanogos cave was opened to sightseers, May 21. The newly found grotto is under the supervision of the supervisor of the Wasatch national forest, who has made it accessible to the public. From November to early February a crew of workers toiled at the construction of a path that ascends from 1500 to 2000 feet in three miles. Mt. Timpanogos cave is a unique and colorful gem of its kind. The air within remains at the same temperature the year around, of from 50 to 55 degrees. Stalactites and stalagmites of rare and original coloring festoon the interior with such profusion that were it not for the guiding lights and a deep path cut across the floor, all sense of direction would be lost in the bewildering labyrinth.

Memorial Day was observed all over the country with appropriate ceremonies. In Salt Lake City a parade more than a mile in length was witnessed by thousands. Among the marchers were Red Cross nurses, soldiers, mothers who had lost sons in the war and many organizations with

gaudy uniforms. The weather was ideal, with clear, sunny sky. At Washington the Lincoln memorial by the Potomac was dedicated. Ex-President, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, William H. Taft, made the presentation of the monument and President Harding accepted it in behalf of the nation. The day was also observed in France where so many Americans were buried during the World War and are now resting until the "resurrection day."

An international conference of bankers, representing the United States, England, France, Italy, Belgium and Germany, met at Paris, May 25, to discuss the financial situation in Europe and to agree on the remedies needed. On June 10 they reported to the reparations committee that complete agreement among the allies on reparations, a solvent Germany and settlement once for all of the full reparations debt are essential to the success of such a loan. In view of the fact that these conditions are lacking and because of the objections of France to a revision of the total reparations due from Germany, the committee decided to suspend their study of the question, though confident that a substantial loan could be floated if these conditions were fulfilled, and they agreed to hold themselves ready to resume consideration of the question on the unanimous invitation of the reparations commission.

The oldest man in the world, if reports are true, is John Krasinski, a Pole, now farming a piece of land in the province of Posen. He is said to be the last survivor of the Napoleonic armies that fought 110 years ago in the battle of Borodina. Aged 22 then, he therefore today counts the venerable number of 132 years. Taken prisoner by the Russians during Napoleon's Moscow retreat—Krasinski settled down in Russia and fought in Crimea. Last year his "young wife" died at the age of 98. Having then learned that the Polish government was making grants of land to veterans, Krasinski bethought himself of his original nationality, and his claim of being a veteran could not be denied.

Another "oldest inhabitant" has been mentioned in the press dispatches recently. Mrs. Ignacia Vasquez, said to be 120 years old, died at Globe, Arizona, May 26. She was born near Hermosillo, Sonora, the capital of the state. She is survived by three sons, the oldest 87 years old.



C. M. Christensen, of Salt Lake City, one of the vice-presidents of the No-Tobacco League of Utah, came into prominence in the early part of the present year, when as an officer in the No-Tobacco League of Utah, he swore to several complaints against local tobaccoists, charging violation of the Anti-Cigarette law. Mr. Christensen is not a charter member of the League but he became interested in it a few months after its organization and for a long time has been one of its most active and most fearless workers. He is an able and entertaining speaker and at one time was a bishop of one

of the Salt Lake City wards. His home is now in the First ward of this city.
—Fred W. Bennett, former president of the League.

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Elder Ernest B. Woodward, writing from Nagano Shi, Japan, January 24, states that the elders laboring in Kofu have been changed to Nagano: "We appreciate the *Era* in Japan because it gives many good ideas and suggestions which we can use in our work here. It also has many enjoyable things to read which help us on our way. Its news is welcomed by us."

R. Howey, writing from Sunderland, England, February 13, says: "As a regular reader of the *Era*, I would like to say that I value and appreciate the good things contained therein from month to month, both from the high standard of literary excellence and the exceptional good instructions for our spiritual welfare."

Elder Arthur W. Gudmunson, writing from Manaia, Taranaki, New Zealand, February 4, says: "We receive the *Era* regularly and find it full of good things which we should not care to miss. We pass it around to our friends who are just as eager to read it as we are. We find it a constant source of inspiration and encouragement and a great help to us in our work."

Improvement Era, July, 1922

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